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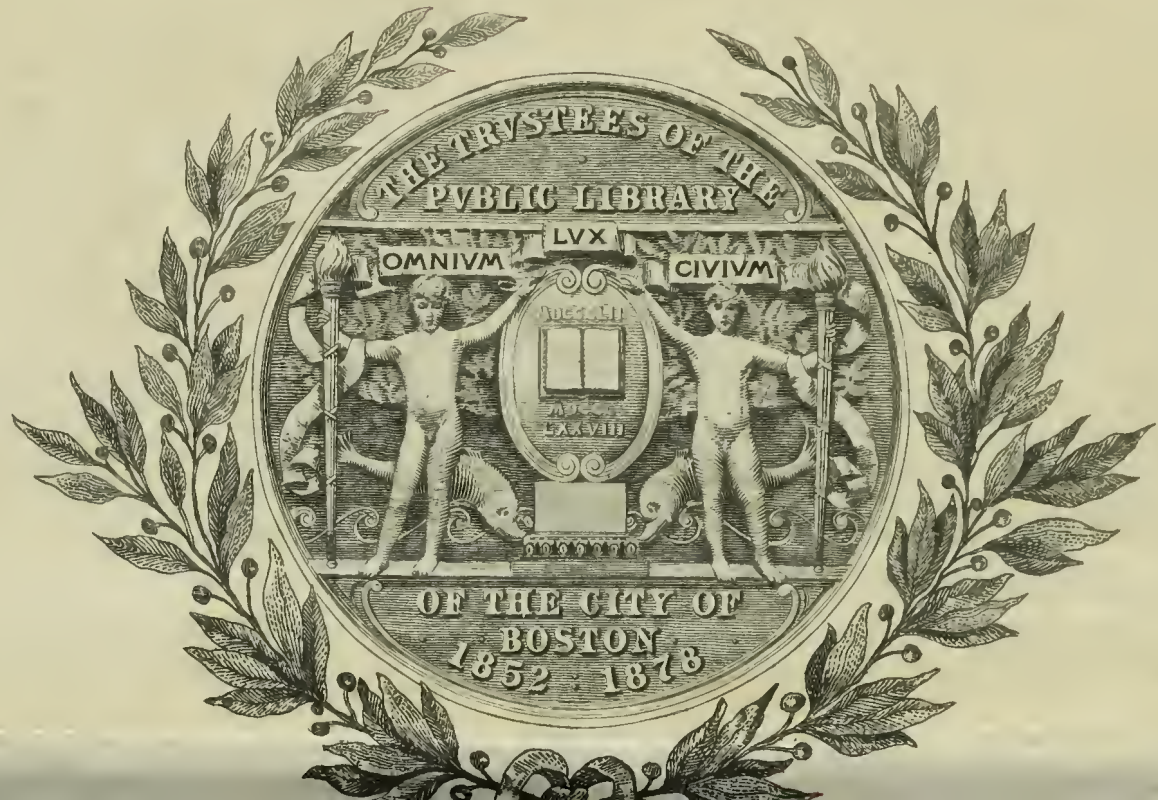
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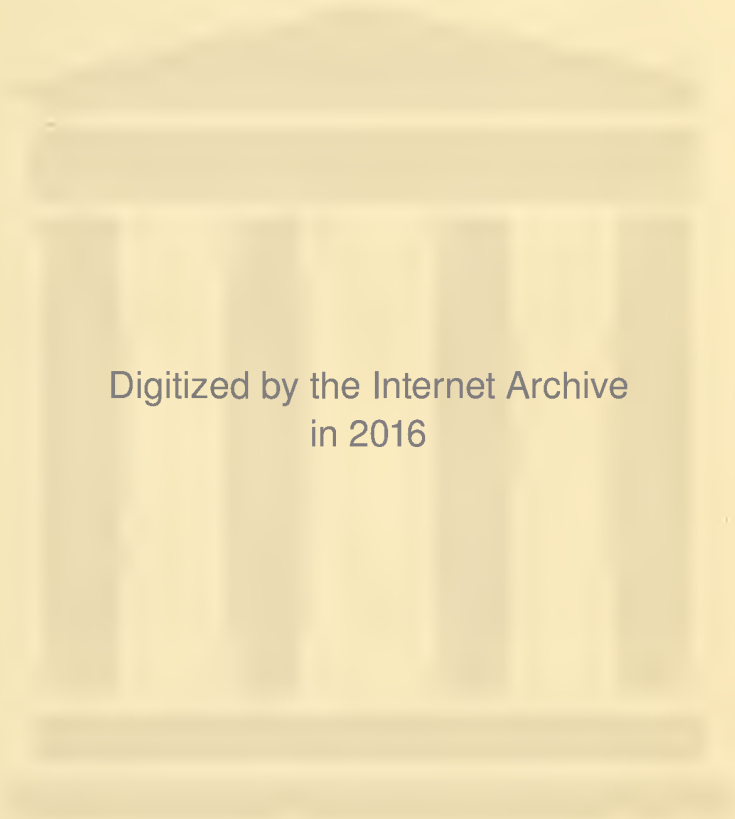

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THE

ECHO:

OR,

COLUMBIAN SONGSTER,

BEING A

LARGE COLLECTION

OF THE MOST CELEBRATED, MODERN

POETICAL WRITINGS,

OF *DIFFERENT AUTHORS*,

SECOND EDITION.

BROOKFIELD, (MASSACHUSETTS)
FROM THE *PRESS* OF E. MERRIAM
SOLD BY HIM IN BROOKFIELD, AND BY,
DAN MERRIAM IN
WORCESTER

4774

Ex Libris
Feb. 20, 1908
H.

ADVERTISEMEN[redacted]

THE favorable reception which works of a poetic nature have met with in PUBLIC ; *the salutary effect they have had in softening the brow of care, exciting hilarity around the festive board and dispersing that unwelcome visitant* melancholy, *which so often assails those who confine themselves entirely to logical studies, has induced the* EDITOR *to undertake the subjoined work, which, to render more interesting and instructive, he has selected with the greatest precaution, from different authors, such pieces as may without exaggeration, be termed* Pernassian Flowers.

ECHO

THE SHIP CONSTITUTION.

SONG I.

UP Anchors, clear decks boys and, each to his ſtation,
Stand firm at your watch and belay her all ſnug;
What e'er be the voyage of our bold deſtination,
'Tis the ſhip Conſtitution, we'll try her a lug,
What tho' at the helm we behold a Commander
Whoſe ſkill we have ſcarcely yet tried on the Main
'Tis the owners do you ſee who's the loſs if we ſtrand her.
Have placed him there and forbid us complain.—

What argufies telling of this that and to'her
How Commodore WASHINGTON put her to ſea,
And trim'd her ſo cheerly to all kind of weather,
A ſpar was not ſhiver'd nor parted a ſtay.—
How ADAMS the bold lately ſtood on the Quarter
And ballanc'd her Canvaſs ſo well to the gale
Thro' gulf ſtreams and eddies ſo kept his departure

her to port under safe easy sail—
rates they tell us of Shoals and of
ers
at our Ship may not live to come
back
Her timbers may fail when Tornadoes o'er take
us,
Her masts by the board and her hull all a wreck—
They say as how Commodore JEFFERSON
glories
In Tempest and hurricanes sea shoals and
flatts
That he'll reaf not a rag for the blast of old
Boreas,
Nor put down his helm for a shoal : And all
that.

But Cheerly my lads we have been on the
Ocean
And rode out the puffers full many's the day—
And still must the gale blow and dire the com-
motion
That baffles our ship or our bosoms dismay—
Tho' foes should assail her tho' the tempest
should rock her
Or the white squalls of faction should take her
abeam,
We'll stand by her stuff while a shott's in the
Locker
And cling to her side while she floats on the
Stream.

SONG II.

BRIGHT Phœbus has mounted the chariot
of day,
And the horn and the hound call each sports-
man away ;
Thro' woods and thro' meadows with speed
now they bound

While health rosy health is in exercise
Hark away! is the word to the sound of the
horn,
And echo, sweet echo makes jovial the morn.

Each hill and each valey is lovely to view,
While Pus flies the covert and dogs quick
pursue;
Behold where she flies o'er the wide spreading
plain
While the loud opening pack pursues her
amain.
Hark away, &c.

At length pus is caught and lies panting for
breath,
And the shout of the huntsman's the signal for
death,
No joys can delight like the sports of the
field,
To hunting all pleasure and pastime must yield.
Hark away, &c.

SONG III.

OH! think on my fate once I freedom enjoy'd,
Was as happy as happy could be,
But pleasure is fled, even hope is destroy'd,
A captive alas! on the sea—
I was taken by the foe 'twas the fiat of fate,
To tear me from her I adore.
When tho't brings to mind my once happy
estate
I sigh, I sigh, as I tug at the oar

Hard, hard is my fate, oh! how galling my
chain,
My life's stemm'd by misery's chart;
And tho' 'gainst my tyrant I scorn to complain,
Tears gush forth to ease my sad heart,

[illegible]en to ſhrink tho'I feel ſharp the laſh
[illegible] my heart bleeds for her I adore ;
While round me the unfeeling billows will daſh,
I ſigh, &c.

How fortune deceives I had pleaſure in tow,
The port where ſhe dwelt was in view,
But the wiſh'd nuptial morn was o'er clouded with woe.
Dear Anne I hurried from you,
Our ſhallop was boarded I borne away,
To behold my dear Anne no more,
Deſpair waſtes my ſpirits my form feels decay,
He ſighed, he ſighed, and expir'd at the oar.

SONG IV.

AWAKE my muſe with ſprightlieſt lay,
And ſing the charms of verdant May
The pride of all the Year—
Reclin'd by ſome fair river ſide,
Whoſe chriſtal ſtreams ſoft murm'ring glide,
And countleſs ſweets appear.

Hark from amid yon vocal buſh,
The black bird, linnet and the thruſh,
In concert tune the lay,
Or in ſome ſilent midnight hour
Her plaint ſad Philomela pour,
From off the leafy ſpray.

Now beauteous nature ſmiles around,
And varied tints adorn the ground,
And every valley ſings :
The riſing crops on yonder hills
With hope the farmers' boſom fills,
What joys the ſeaſon brings.

Hail happy month when albions fair,
On every ardent walk appear,
And ſtrike the admiring eye :
Or in ſome cloſe ſequeſtered grove,
They liſten to ſome tale of love.

Secure from every eye.

But charming maid with caution move,
Nor let that falſe intruder love
Thy happy breaſt invade;
Truſt not too far enticing man,
Who in this yielding ſeaſon can
To what he will perſuade.

But chuſe ſome youth's ſpotleſs mind,
Who free from all deceit you find,
To him be kind and true!
Then wiſhes ſoft and rapt'rous joy,
Shall all your raviſh'd tho'ts employ,
And every month be May.

SONG V.

THERE are grinders enough, Sirs, of every degree,
From the jewel-decked great, to low poverty,
Whatever the ſtation it ſharpens the ſenſe,
And the wheel it goes round, Sirs, to wind in the pence.
Maſter grinders enough, at the helm you may find,
With penknives, ſiſſors, razors to grind,
Tho' I am but a journeyman, with knives to grind.

Whatever the ſtateſman may think of himſelf
He turns fortunes wheel in purſuit of the pelf,
He grinds back, and edge Sirs, his ends to obtain,
And his country may ſtarve, ſo he pockets the gain.
Maſter grinders, &c.

The rich grind the poor, is a ſaying of old,
The merchant the tradſman, you need not be told,
Whether Pagan, Mahometan, or Chriſtian you be,
There are grinders of all ſorts, of every degree.
Maſter grinders, &c.

The patriot, with zeal animated declares
The curtain he'll draw, and diſcloſe the ſtate players;
He is a ſtaunch grinder, to ſome 'tis well known,

And they're mightily galled by the grit of his stone.
Master grinders, &c.

I too, am a grinder, but what, Sirs, of that?
I am but in taste, since I copy the great;
To be Sirs, ingenuous, I'll tell you my mind,
'Tis for what I can get makes me willing to grind.
Master grinder, &c.

SONG VI.

GOOD morning my friends, and what is the news,
And what makes you look so much lower than you us'd—
Trading it is low and I'm much abus'd,
Is what makes me look so much lower than I us'd—
The trading it is low and I've got no money,
And have no way at all for to get one penny,
And charity is not us'd by many.

I've nothing to lend, I've nothing to spend,
I've nothing to do but tarry at home,
Setting in my chair drawing nigh to the fire,
I fell asleep like an idle drone;
And in my sleep I dreamed a dream,
I saw a play acted without any scene,
And I could not tell what this play did mean.

At length I did discover what this play did meam,
The actors of the play were all mankind;
There was something peculiar to be seen,
T'was of this world which we are in;
And when the play was ended they on the stage did fling,

Then there was no difference between the beggar and the king,
This it was that the play did mean.

The firſt one that mounted the ſtage I do proteſt,
Was time with his ſcythe and his glaſs in his hand—
The circle of the globe upon his breaſt,
To ſhow that the ſame he did command;—
A time for to get and a time for to ſpend,
A time for to borrow and a time for to lend,
And a time when all things have an end.

Then Diſſimulation mounted the ſtage,
And he was dreſs'd in gallant attire—
He was acquainted with youth and age
And all ſuch company he did admire;
They could entertain him upon the very beſt,
And in their hearts could take quiet reſt,
So turn coats always fare the beſt.

Then Charity came in, ſhe look'd wond'rous old,
And ſhe was dreſs'd in looſe holland ſleeves
She wasſhivering with the cold,
The world's full of rebels worſe than thieves,
I've been in the city and in the country.
Among all people of every degree,
And I found no room for Charity.

Next truth come in, ſhe was clothed in wool,
She ſays of this world it is full, full, full,
The country s full of rebels the city's full of knaves,
The world is full of rebels, worſe than thieves—
The town is full of poverty, the city's full of pride,
Such underhanded dealings I never ſaw beſide,
And the uſurer's bag is well ſupply'd.

Then Conſcience came in with his hat in his hand,
And he was dreſs'd like a gentleman,
The lawyers they all jeer'd at him,
Pointing their fingers to ſee him ſtand—
He began for to tell them of their latter days
Which put the lawyers into ſuch a rage
They kick'd poor Conſcience off the ſtage.

Hark, hear the trumpets and the drums they do beat,
And cannons come rattling through the town,
Hear the trumpets and the drums they do beat
Enough for to tumble our churches down;
In come Mars the great God of war,
And bid them face about juſt as they were,
And when I awoke I ſat in my chair.

SONG VII.

FAINT and wearily the way-worn traveller,
Plods uncheeringly afraid to ſtop,
Wand'ring drearily a ſad unraveller,
Of the mazes to the mountain's top;
Doubting, fearing while his courſe he's ſteering,
Cottages appearing as he's nigh to drop,
O how briſkly then the way-worn traveller
Treads the mazes to the mountains top.

Tho' ſo melancholy day has paſſed by,
'T would be folly now to think on't more,
Blythe and jolly he the can holds faſt by,
As he's ſetting at the goat-herds door;
Eating quaffing—at paſſed labours laughing,
Better far by half in ſpirits than before
O how merry then the reſted traveller,
Seems while ſitting at the goat-herds door.

SONG VIII.

THE FARMER'S PATRIOTIC ODE.

Tune—*Vicar of Bray.*

FROM th' soil our fathers dearly bo't,
No foe their sons shall sever;
The laws, for which our heroes fought,
Shall guard their rights forever.
When foes invade, with heart and hand,
We'll crowd the field of action;
From Gallic weeds, we'll purge our land,
And crush the reptile faction.

Ere Jacobins shall lord it here,
Or we for Frenchmen labor,
The pruning hook shall dart, a *spear*,
The ploughshare glow, a *sabre!*
When foes, &c.

Let Gallia's pirates cross the waves,
To ask a contribution;
On land, we'll point them to their graves,
By Sea, the CONSTITUTION.
When foes, &c.

Our swains shall quit their lover's arms,
And VICTORY shall lead 'em;
The husband leave domestic charms,
And know no friend but Freedom.
When foes, &c.

The free-born child, the tender wife,
Shall brave each sad disaster;
The wolf's dread yell, the savage knife;
But, spurn a Gallic master.
When foes invade, Columbia's friends
Shall crowd the field of action,
Back to the waves repel the fiends,
That sow the seeds of faction.

SONG. IX.

COME all Grenadiers let us join hand in hand,
And swear by our country most truly to stand;
Round the banners of liberty manfully range,
Resolv'd to preserve it unblemish'd by change
And should our proud foes in their insults persist,
Their arts as their arms we will firmly resist;
For our glorious freedom we drew with our breath
And with it we'll keep it unsully'd till death.

Our cause truly noble, and honor our guide,
The defence of our country shall e'er be our pride,
Determin'd her dear Independence to guard,
In her happiness only we'll seek our reward;
For her ev'ry labor endur'd will be sweet,
For her ev'ry danger we'll cheerfully meet,
For our glorious, &c.

From our fathers who gain'd it, our freedom we hold,
And it ne'er by their sons shall be cowardly sold,
To guard it our fortunes shall freely be spent;
But to buy it, COLUMBIA will ne'er give a cent:
Then let it by Frenchmen be well understood,
That if we must purchase, our price is, our BLOOD.
For our glorious, &c.

SONG X.

ON the green sedgy banks of the sweet winding Tay,
As blithe as the woodlark that carols in May—

I paſt the gay moments with joy and delight,
For peace cheer'd the morn and content crown'd the night:
Till love taught young hope, my youth to deceive,
What we wiſh to be true, love bids us believe—

Wherever I wander o'er hill, dale, or grove,
Young Sandy will follow with ſweet tales of love;
Enraptur'd he vow'd with a kiſs and a ſigh,
If Jemmy proves cruel, Alas! I muſt die!
A youth ſo engaging, with eaſe might deceive.
What we wiſh to be true, love bids us believe.

He ſtole my fond heart, then he left me to mourn,
For peace and contentment which ne'er can return;
From the clown to the beau, the ſex are all art,
They complain of the wound but we feel not the ſmart;
We join in the fraud, and ourſelves we deceive,
What we wiſh to be true, love bids us believe.

SONG XI.

SHEPHERDS I have loſt my love,
Have you ſeen my Anne?
Pride of every ſhady grove,
Upon the banks of Banna.

I for her my home forſook,
Near yon miſty mountain,
Left my flock, my pipe, my crook.
Green wood, ſhade and fountain.

Never ſhall I ſee them more,
Until her returning;
All the joys of life are o'er,
From gladneſs chang'd to morning.

Whither is my charmer flown!

Shepherds tell me whither!
Ah! woe me, perhaps she's gone
Forever and forever.

SONG XII.

DESCRIPTION OF A WOMAN.

Written by a Man.

A WOMAN is like to—but stay—
What a Woman is like who can say?
There's no living with or without one—
Love bites like a fly,
Now an ear, now an eye—
Buz, buz, always buzzing about one,
When she's tender and kind,
She is like to my mind,
(And Fanny was so, I remember.)
She's like to—Oh dear!
She's as good very near
As a ripe melting peach in September.
If she laugh and she chat,
Play, joke, and all that,
And with smiles and good humour she meets me,
She's like a rich dish,
Of ven'son and fish,
That cries from the table "come eat me."
But she'll plague you, and vex you,
Distract and perplex you,
False hearted and ranging,
Unsettled and changing,
What then do you think she is like?
Like a sand? like a rock?
Like a wheel? like a clock?
Aye, like a clock that is always at strike,
Her head's like the island folks tell on,
Which nothing but monkies can dwell on,
Her heart's like a lemon—so nice,
She carves for each lover a slice:

In truth she's to me,
Like to wind, like the sea,
Whose raging will harken to no man;
Like a mill, like a pill,
Like a flail, like a whale,
Like an ass, like a glass,
Whose image is constant to no man;
Like a flow'r, like a show'r,
Like a fly, like a pye,
Like a pea, like a flea,
Like a thief, like—in brief,
She's like nothing on earth, but a woman.

SONG XIII.

DESCRIPTION OF A MAN.

Written by a Woman.

A MAN, he is like to—but stay,
To what he's unlike, who can say?
And yet we can scarce do without him;
Love sets in his breast
Like a hen on her nest,
And his chickens are scratching about him.

When he's pleas'd I am squeez'd,
When he's not I am teaz'd,
And I never can tell where to find him;
He is like an old horse,
Worth but little and cross,
And a woman is foolish to mind him.

If he chance to but smile,
And look pleasent a while,
And come chattering round like a chicken—
He is like a gay lark,
But a false hearted spark,
And his feathers are scarcely worth picking.

But when he is vext,
Confus'd and perplext,

Deceitful and vicious,
Baſe, falſe, and melicious,
He is like—hard to ſpeak it myſelf—
He is like to—alas!
Like a ſnake in the graſs,
He is then, only then, like himſelf.

His head's like a butcher's ſtall ſhop,
Beef, mutton and pork, or what not;
His heart's like a pail of old ſwill,
Which the offal contributes to fill:

In ſhort to a wife,
He is like a caſe knife,
To cut up my cake or my cheeſe;
Like a ſaint when he's civil,
But if not, like the devil;
But will turn to whatever he pleaſe:

To a hog, to a dog,
To a hare, to a bear,
Whoſe cruelty yieldeth to no man:
Like a mouſe, like a gooſe,
Like a mule, like a fool,
Like a lane, like a vane,
Like a leaf, like—in brief,
He's like every thing elſe, but a WOMAN.

SONG XIV.

FAIR liberty! whom heaven gave
But where peculiarly it loves;
And put off all it meant for ſlave
With orange bow'rs and citron groves:
The children of the frozen north,
Where nature half her gifts retains,
Are doom'd to tame the churliſh earth,
For taſteleſs fruits, and tardy grains;

Yet while their weary taſk they ply,
By thee their fainting ſouls are cheer'd!
No ſtern unfeeling Lord is nigh,

No rods are seen, no chains are heard!
Still as they guide the delving plough,
Or bind pale Autumn's scanty store;
To thee, their manly lives they vow,
To thee, their grateful strains they pour!

SONG XV.

THE rose had been wash'd just wash'd in a show'r,
That Mary to Anna convey'd;
A plentiful moisture encumber'd the flow'r,
And weigh'd down its beautiful head.

The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were all wet,
And seem'd at a fanciful view,
To weep with regret for the buds it had left,
On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seiz'd it, unfit as it was,
For a nose-gay, so dripping and drown'd,
And shaking it rudely—too rudely, alas!
I snapt it—it fell to the ground.

"And such" I exclaim'd "is the pitiless part,
Some act by the delicate mind,
Regardless of wringing and breaking the heart,
Already to sorrow resign'd,

This beautiful rose, had I shaken less,
Might have bloom'd with the owner a while,
And the tear that is wip'd with a little address,
May be follow'd, perhaps, with a smile."

SONG XVI.

HARK, hark, from the woodlands the loud swelling horn
Invites to the sports of the chase,
How ruddy, how bright, and how cheerful the morn,

How healthy and blooming each face,
To the grove with Diana, I'll haſten away,
Nor loſe the delights of the morn,
The hounds are all out, hark, hark forward, away,
While echo replies to the horn.

Gay health ſtill attends thro' the ſports of the field,
O'er mountain and valley we go;
The joy of the chaſe, health and pleaſure can yield,
No wiſhes beyond it we know.
To the grove, &c.

Our innocent paſtimes each virgin may ſhare,
And the cenſure of envy defy.
While Cupid ſoon follow'd by grief and deſpair.
The bleſſing of youth would deſtroy.
To the grove, &c.

SONG XVII.

AWAKE from deluſion ye ſons of the brave;
"Cries the Genius, that watches our Freedom and Fame;"
Thy virtue no longer from rapine can ſave,
Since Gallia's light up of diſcenſion the flame.
Then to arms let's repair,
While our wrongs fill the air.
That France and the world may behold,
That our freedom our fame,
And our virtuous name.
We prize above friendſhip and gold.

Away with the veil, which thy charity ſpread
O'er the deeds of a nation, where tyrants preſide;

No glory of thine can its influence ſhed.
On the friends of deception, deſtruction and pride.
Then, &c.

Ariſe from thy bowers of contentment and eaſe,
And gird on the ſword of thy vengeance anew,
For in vain would thy wiſdom their madneſs appeaſe,
In vain will thy caution their plottings purſue.
Then, &c.

Deep dy'd with the blood of the valiant and good,
And cloth'd with deformity, guilt and deſpair,
In the portal of peace, like demons, they've ſtood,
And poiſon'd with venom ſweet liberty's air.
Then, &c.

To freedom, to virtue and bliſs they pretend,
And vauntingly offer redemption to ſlaves;
While abroad thro' the world their aſſaſſins they ſend,
And prove by each law that they glory in knaves.
Then, &c.

Riſe, ſcornful, my ſons, from a friendſhip ſo baſe,
And again be the banner of freedom unfurl'd;
While time on his records Columbia ſhall place—
The PRIDE, the DELIGHT, and the BOAST of the WORLD.
Then, &c.

SONG XVIII.

HOW bright are the joys of the table,
I mean when the cloth is remov'd?

Our hearts are fast held by a cable.
While round the decanter is shov'd,
The ladies all rise to retire,
We stand up and look very grave:
A bumper then draw round the fire.
Determin'd like souls to behave.

My servant, he knows I'm a toper.
"Clean glasses, of wine a recruit!"
He brings in a tin bottle cooper,
And places it close at my foot.
I gingerly take up a bottle,
The saw-dust I puff from his coat;
The cork out, he sings in the throttle,
But sweeter than Mira his note!

"What gentleman coffe now chooses?"
The compliment comes from the fair;
No gentleman coffee refuses,
But not a man stirs from his chair.
Tho' Frenchmen may do so, I bar it,
With British politeness I think;
While Monsieur we thank for his claret,
He never shall teach us to drink.

Gay Hebe now shews in Apollo.
A struggle 'twixt claret and wit;
For Bacchus insists he shall swallow,
Six bumpers before he may sit.
Ye fair, why so ill should we treat you,
To part ere the bottle is won?
At supper Apollo shall meet you,
And shew you what Bacchus has done.

SONG XIX.

DEAR Kathleen, you no doubt,
Find sleep how very sweet 'tis:
Dogs bark, and cocks have crow'd out,
You never dream how late 'tis.
This morning gay,

I poſt away,
To have with you a bit of play,
On two legs rid
Along to bid
Good-morrow to your night-cap.

Laſt night a little boozy,
With whiſky ale, and cyder,
I aſk'd young Betty Blowzy,
To let me ſit beſide her,
Her anger roſe,
And, four as ſloes,
The little gipſey cock'd her noſe;
Yet here I've rid
Along, to bid
Good-morrow to your night-cap.

"Beneath the honey-ſuckle,
The daiſy and the vi'let
Compoſe ſo ſweet a truckle,
They'll tempt you ſure to ſpoil it,
Sweet Sall and Bell
I've pleas'd you well—
But hold, I muſt'nt kiſs and tell,
So here I've rid,
Along, to bid
Good-morrow to your night-cap."

SONG XX.

SIMPLICITY! thou fav'rite child
Of heav'nly Nature, chaſte and mild;
Sweet guard of playful youth:
Thy nakedneſs is thy defence,
Thy ſilent geſture eloquence;
Thy eloquence is truth.

Ah! ſay then who could injure thee,
Nature's lov'd babe—Simplicity?
So ſweet, ſo chaſte, ſo mild:
The worſt of wretches, who has not

Thy parent's traces long forgot,
Could never hurt it's child.

SONG XXI.

THE wealthy fool with gold in ſtore,
Will ſtill deſire to grow richer,
Give me but theſe, I aſk no more,
My charming girl, my friend and pitcher.
My friend, ſo rare, my girl, ſo fair,
With ſuch what mortal can be richer,
Give me but theſe—a fig for care,
With my ſweet girl, my friend and pitcher.

From morning ſun I'd never grieve,
To toil a hedger or a ditcher,
If that when I come home at eve,
I might enjoy my friend and pitcher,
My friend ſo rare, &c.

Tho' fortune ever ſhuns my door,
I knew not what can ſo bewitch her;
With all my heart—can I be poor,
With my ſweet girl, my friend, and pitcher?
My friend ſo rare, &c.

SONG XXII.

DISTRESS me with thoſe tears no more,
One kiſs, my love, and then adieu;
The laſt boat deſtin'd for the ſhore
Waits, deareſt girl, alone for you.
Soon, ſoon, before the light winds borne,
Shall I be ſever'd from your ſight;
You, left the lonely hours to mourn,
And weep through many a ſtormy night.

When far along the reſtleſs deep,
In trim array the ſhip ſhall ſteer;
Your form remembrance ſtill ſhall keep,
Your worth, affection ſtill revere:

And with the diſtance from your eyes,
My love for you ſhall be increas'd,
As to the pole the needle lies,
And, fartheſt off, ſtill varies leaſt.

While round the bowl the cheerful crew
Shall ſing of triumphs on the main,
My thought ſhall fondly turn to you,
Of you alone ſhall be my ſtrain:
And when we've bow'd the leaguing foe,
Revengeful of my country's wrong,
Returning home my heart ſhall ſhew,
No fiction grac'd my artleſs ſong.

SONG XXIII.

THO' prudence may preſs me,
And duty diſtreſs me,
Againſt inclination, ah! what can they do?
No longer a rover,
His follies are over,
My heart, my fond heart ſays, my Henry is true,
The bee thus as changing,
From ſweet to ſweet ranging,
A roſe ſhould he light on, ne'er wiſhes to ſtray;
With raptures poſſeſſing,
In one ev'ry bleſſing,
Till torn from her boſom he flies far away.

SONG XXIV.

HOW happy the woman, whoſe charms
Gain ſweet-hearts ſtuck all in a row!
That if one ſhould deſert from her arms,
She ſtill has two ſtrings to her bow.

Should Thomas prove falſe—could he rob
My heart of its quiet? Oh no—
For if Thomas is gone there is Bob:
I ſtill have two ſtrings to my bow,

Then 'tis not ſo common a thing
Can vex me, I'd have you to know!
Since I have two beaux to my ſtring,
As well as two ſtrings to my bow.

SONG XXV.

LORD, what care I for mam, or dad!
Why let them ſcold and bellow!
For while I live I'll love my lad,
He's ſuch a charming fellow.

The laſt fair day, on yonder green,
The youth he danc'd ſo well-o
So ſpruce a lad was never ſeen,
As my ſweet charming fellow.

The fair was over, night was come,
The lad was ſome what mellow,
Says he, my dear, I'll ſee you home,
I thank'd the charming fellow.

We trudg'd along, the moon ſhone bright,
Says he, my ſweeteſt Nell-o,
I'll kiſs you here by this good light,
Lord, what a charming fellow.

You rogue, ſays I, you've ſtopp'd my breath!
Ye bells ring out my knell-o;
Again I'd die ſo ſweet a death
With ſuch a charming fellow.

SONG XXVI.

SIR Solomon Simons, when he did wed,
Bluſh'd back as a crow;—his fair lady did bluſh light:
The clock ſtruck twelve, they were both tuck'd in bed;
In the chimney—a ruſh light,
A little farthing ruſh light,

Sir Solomon gave his lady a nudge—
Cries he, "Lady Simons, there's vaſtly too much light;"
"Then Sir Solomon," ſays ſhe, "to get up you cannot grudge,
And blow out the ruſh light,
The little farthing ruſh light,
Fal, lal, lal, lal, la.
And blow out the ruſh right."

Sir Solomon then, out of bed pops his toes,
And vaſtly he ſwore, and very much did curſe light;
And then to the chimney, Sir Solomon he goes,
And he puff'd at the ruſh light,
The little farthing ruſh light.
But poor Sir Solomon
Cou'd'nt blow out the ruſh light.

Lady Simons got out, in her night cap, ſo neat,
And over the carpet ſhe did bruſh light!
And there ſhe found Sir Solomon, in a heat,
Puffing at the ruſh light,
The little farthing ruſh light,
But neither of the two
Could blow out the ruſh light.

Sir Solomon and Lady, their breath quite gone,
Rang the bell in a rage, determin'd to cruſh light.
Half aſleep, in his ſhirt, then up came John,
And he puff'd at the ruſh light,
The little farthing ruſh light,
But none of the family
Could blow out the ruſh light.

Cook, coachmen and maids, very near all in buff,
Come, and ſwore, in their lives, they never met with ſuch light;

And each of the family by turns had a puff
At the little farthing rush light,
The curst farthing rush light,
But all that they could do
Could'nt blow out the rush light.

The watchman at last, went by crying—one!
Here, watchman come up, on you we might
on worse light;
Then up came the watchman the business it
was done,
For he turn'd down the rush light,
The little Farthing Rush Light;
So the business it was done,
For he turn'd down the Rush Light.

SONG XXVII.

MY mother says, I'm now sixteen,
Must dress—in the beau monde be seen,
Reply to all the vows of men,
No, no, no.

In sweetest buds there canker lies,
And in the rose sharp thorns arise;
All this she says to make me wise,
And say no.

When Henry t'other morning came,
Profess'd with every tender flame,
And ask'd me if the day I'd name,
I said no.

I told him mother I'd obey,
And must reply of course with nay;
He sigh'd, then shall I far away?
I said no.

My speaking tears betray'd my love:
He said, shall Hymen doubt remove,
To church you'll not deny to rove?
I sigh'd no.

My mother now I have obey'd,
Attended well to what she said,
And will to all—but him I wed,
Still say no.

SONG XXVIII.

A FLAXEN-headed cow-boy, as simple as may be,
And next a merry plough-boy I whist'led o'er the lea:
But now saucy footman, I strut in worsted lace,
And soon I'll be a buttler and wag my jolly face.

When steward I'm promoted, I'll snip a tradesman's bill,
My master's coffers empty, my pocket for to fill:
When lolling in my chariot, so great a man I'll be,
You'll forget the little plough-boy that whistled o'er the lea.

I'll buy votes at elections, but when I've made the pelf,
I'll stand poll for parliament, and then vote in myself:
Whatever's good for—me, Sir, I never will oppose;
When all my ayes are sold off, why then I'll sell my nose.

I'll bawl, harangue and paragraph, with speeches charm the ear,
And when I'm tir'd on my legs, then I'll sit down a peer,
In court or city honor, so great a man I'll be,
You'll forget the little plough-boy that whistled o'er the lea.

SONG XXIX.

AH! Delia, see the fatal hour, farewell my soul's delight,
Oh! how can wretched Damon live thus banish'd from thy sight.
To my fond heart no rival joys, supply the loss of thee,
Ah! who can tell if thou my dear will e'er remember me.

Alone, thro' unfrequented wilds, with pensive steps I rove,
I ask the rocks, I ask the streams, where dwells my absent love?
The silent eve, the rosy morn, my constant searches see,
Ah! who can tell, &c.

Thus while my restless, wand'ring thoughts pursue their soft repose,
Unwearied may they trace the paths where'er my Delia goes:
Forever Damon shall be there, attendant still on thee,
Ah! who can tell, &c.

Oft I review those smiling scenes, each fav'rite brook and tree,
Where once I pass'd those happy hours, those hours I past with thee:
What painful, fond, memorials rise, at every thing I see;
Ah! who can tell, &c.

Let ev'ry rival vot'rist soon their soft address remove,
Nor trace thee in thy new abode, to tempt thy soul to love:
Yet, who can tell what sighing crouds, their tender homage pay;
Ah! who can tell, &c.

Think, Delia think, how deep a wound, thy
sweetly pointed dart,
Thy dear remembrance left behind, has pierc'd
a hapleſs heart,
Think on the fatal, ſad adieu, that ſevers me
from thee;
Ah! who can tell, &c.

How can I ſpeak the laſt farewell, what cares
diſtreſs my mind,
How can I go to realms of bliſs, and leave my
love behind.
When angels wing me to the ſkies, I'd fain re-
to thee,
Ah! who can tell, &c.

SONG XXX.

CEASE, rude Boreas, bluſt'ring railer!
Liſt ye landſ-men, all to me;
Meſſmates, hear a brother ſailor
Sing the dangers of the ſea.
From boundleſs billows, firſt in motion,
When the diſtant whirlwinds riſe,
To the tempeſt troubled ocean,
Where the ſeas, contend with ſkies.

Hark! the boatſwain hoarſely bawling—
By topſail ſheets and haulyards ſtand!
Down top gallants, quick be hauling!
Down your ſtay-ſails, hand, boys, hand!
Now it freſhens, ſet the braces;
Quick the top-ſail ſheets let go;
Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces!
Up your top-ſails nimbly clew;

Now all you on down beds ſporting,
Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms,
Freſh enjoyments, wanton courting,
Free from all but love's alarms—

Round us roars the tempeſt louder :
  Think what fears our minds enthral !
Harder yet, it yet blows harder !
  Now again the boatſwain calls :

The topſail yards point to the wind, boys :
  See all clear to reef each courſe :
Let the fore-ſheets go ; don't mind, boys,
  Though the wether ſhould be worſe.
Fore and aft the ſprit-ſail yard get ;
  Reef the mizen ; ſee all clear :
Hands up—each preventer brace ſet ;
  Man the fore-yards ; cheer, lads, cheer !

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring !
  Peals on peals contending claſh !
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring !
  In our eyes blue lightnings flaſh !
One wide water all around us,
  All above us, one black ſky !
Diff'rent deaths at once ſurround us !
  Hark ! what means that dreadful cry ?

The fore-maſt's gone ! cries ev'ry tongue out,
  O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck,
A leak beneath the cheſt tree's ſprung out ;
  Call all hands to clear the wreck.
Quick the land-yards cut to pieces :
  Come, my hearts, be ſtout and bold !
Plumb the well !—the leak increaſes !
  Four feet water's in the hold !

While o'er the ſhip wild waves are beating,
  We for wives or children mourn ;
Alas ! from hence there's no retreating ;
  Alas ! to them there's no return .
Still the leak is gaining on us :
  Both chain pumps are choak'd below ;
Heaven have mercy here upon us !
  For only that can ſave us now !

O'er the lee beam is the land, boys,

Let the guns o'er board be thrown;
To the pump come ev'ry hand, boys;
See our mizen maſt is gone.
The leak we've found; it cannot pour faſt;
We've lighten'd her a foot or more;
Up, and rig a jury fore-maſt;
She rights, ſhe rights, boys! we're off ſhore.

Now once more on joys we're thinking,
Since kind Fortune's ſpar'd our lives,
Come, the can, boys, let's be drinking
To our ſweet-hearts, and our wives.
Fill it up, about ſhip wheel it;
Cloſe th' lips a brimmer join,
Where's the tempeſt now? who feels it?
None? our danger's drown'd in wine!

SONG XXXI.

BANISH ſorrow grief and folly,
Thoughts unbend the wrinkling brow:
Hence dull cares and melancholy,
Wine and mirth unite us now.
Bacchus opens all his treaſure,
Comus brings us wit and ſong;
Follow, follow, follow, follow pleaſure,
And let's join the jovial ſong.

Life is ſhort, its but a ſeaſon;
Time is ever on the wing;
Let's the preſent moment ſeize on,
Who knows what the next may bring?
All my time I now will meaſure,
All dull care I now deſpiſe,
Follow, follow, follow, follow pleaſure,
To be happy's to be wiſe.

Wherefore ſhould we thus perplex us,
Why ſhould we not merry be;
Since there's nothing here to vex us;
Drinking ſets our hearts all free.

Let's have drinking without measure,
Let's have mirth what time we have;
Follow, follow, follow, follow pleasure,
There's no drinking in the grave.

SONG XXXII.

I DELIA's beauties would disclose,
More blooming than the blushing rose,
And sweeter than the spring:
She fairest is of all the fair,
To ev'ry grove I'll this declare,
Of Beauty's queen I sing.

Aid then my song each smiling muse,
Your melody you can't refuse,
To celebrate her charms:
Inspire to praise in purest rhyme,
Her—whose mild beauties are divine,
And all my breast alarms.

Steal silent by, ye murm'ring streams,
Let echo swell the tender themes,
The themes her praise rehearse;
Her praise shall e'er employ my breath,
And nought but all devouring death
Shall end the pleasing verse.

To paint the lustre of her eyes,
An azure stolen from the skies,
Would need a Sappho's tongue:
Her shape, her tuneful voice, that thrills
And all the soul with rapture fills,
These must remain unsung.

Her gentle, sympathetic heart,
Fond to assuage affliction's smart,
Can drop the crystal tear;
Like gracious Heav'n, she wears a smile,
That would the fiercest pains beguile,
And soften rigid care.

Good ſenſe and virtue, hand in hand,
The graces all, a genial band,
Upon her ſteps attend:
From charms ſo ſtriking to the ſight,
So pregnant with ſincere delight,
What can the heart defend?

Her modeſt worth, no wily art,
Engag'd my captivated heart
To cheriſh fond deſires;
'Twas beauty taught me to admire,
But virtue's bloom that did inſpire
Theſe firm undying fires.

Supremely bleſt in Delia's love,
For her embrace I'd ne'er remove,
Nor e'er inconſtant ſtray;
But ſpending life in tranquil eaſe,
Make it my ſtudy how to pleaſe,
And blithſome paſs each day.

Could we our joys and ſorrows ſhare,
Double each bliſs, diſſolve each care,
'Twould ſure tranſporting prove:
Together glide the ſea of life,
Avoid ambition, baniſh ſtrife,
And ſeek immortal love.

SONG XXXIII.

THE lark was up, the morn was grey,
The drummers beat a reveille,
Whilſt jolly ſoldiers on the ground,
In peaceful camp ſlept ſafe and ſound.
All but one poor Soldier, who
Nought but love, could e'er ſubdue;
Wandering through a ſilent grove,
There did vent his plantive love.

For women are whimſical changeable things,
Their ſweets are like bees, they're mingled with ſtings.

They are not to be got without toil, care and coſt,
They are hard to be won and as eaſily loſt ;
For in ſearching a fair one, I found to my ſmart,
I knew not the way, but I loſt my own heart.
Ah ! hapleſs, hapleſs day, when firſt I ſaw fair Biddy,
My heart ſhe ſtole away, my head ſhe turn'd quite giddy.
The world may laugh and ſneer, tis wond'rous now to ſee,
A lover ſo ſincere, a ſwain admire like me.
She's comely tall and ſlender, ſhe's brighter than the ſun ;
Her looks are kind and tender, but ah ! her heart's like ſtone.
Too lovely ſtill I found her, and every method tried,
In hopes to win and wound her, but ah ! I was denied.
And now all hopes are over, what ſchemes then can I try,
But like a hapleſs lover, now lay me down and die.

As on the ground he lay, Minerva came that way,
In armour bright and gay, and thus to him did ſay,
Ariſe ! ſoldier ariſe ! and I'll take you by the hand,
And I'll lead you through the land
And I'll give you the command, of a well choſen band.
Ariſe ! ſoldier ariſe ! don't be ſtupid, drive away cupid,
Follow Minerva's wiſe command,
Soldier go home, go home, ne'er mind your Miſtreſs' ſcorn ;
Slight, ſlight her again,

For slighted love should slight return.

The soldier then rose from his amorous sloth,
Hastened away to his duty,
Swore to Minerva a terrible oath,
He'd never think more of her beauty.
Bachelor's bluff, bachelor's bluff,
High for a heart that's rugged and tough.

He that is single can never wear horns,
He that is single is happy,
He that is married must lay upon thorns,
And always go ragged and shabby.
Bachelor's bluff, &c.

He that is single fears not the rout,
Nothing to him can be sweeter,
Having no wife to whimper and pout
And cry, can you leave me dear creature.
Bachelor's bluff, &c.

Ye Belles and Flirts, so gay and fair,
Say, are not soldiers form'd for love;
I'm sure you'll find them all sincere,
If you'll but kind and constant prove:

But if you slight their passions still;
And tyrannize their wills to prove,
Depend upon't they'll all rebell
And will not give a thought to love.

Hold your idle prat'ling tongue,
Little laughing Cupid said,
Have you never heard it sung,
Constancy must win the maid.

Then ground your arms, ye sons of war,
Who shine thro' Britain's happy Isle,
Nor ever quarrel with the fair,
But patient wait to win their smile,
Rule ye fair of Britain's Isle,
We'll patient wait to win your smile.

SONG XXXIV.

AT the close of the day, when the Hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweet of forgetfulness prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove:
'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rung symphonious, a Hermit began:
No more with himself or with nature at war,
He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.

Ah why, all abandon'd to darkness and woe,
Why, alone Philomela, that languishing fall?
For Spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And sorrow no longer thy bosom enthral.
But if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay
Mourn sweetest complainer man calls thee to mourn;
O soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away,
Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

Now gilding remote, on the verge of the sky,
The moon half distinguish'd her crescent displays,
But lately I mark'd when majestic on high,
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendor again,
But man's fading glory what change shall renew!
Ah fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;
I mourn, but ye woodlands, I mourn not for you:
For morn is approaching your charms to restore,
Perfum'd with fresh fragrance and glit'ring with dew,
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
Kind nature the embryo blossom will save:
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn!
O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave!

'Twas thus by the glare of false science betray'd,
That leads to bewilder and dazzles to blind:
My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
O pity Great Father of light, then I cry'd,
Thy creature who fain would not wander from Thee!
Lo humble in dust, I relinquish'd my pride:
From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free.

And darkness and doubt are now flying away
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn,
So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
See truth, love and mercy, in triumph descending,
And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom,
On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending;
And beauty immortal awake from the tomb.

SONG XXXV.

IN storms, when clouds obscure the sky,
And thunders roll, and lightnings fly—

In midſt of all theſe dire alarms,
I think, my Sally, on thy charms.
The troubled main,
The wind and rain,
My ardent paſſion prove;
Laſh'd to the helm,
Should ſeas o'erwhelm,
I'd think on thee, my love!

When rocks appear on ev'ry ſide,
And art is vain the ſhip to guide;
In varied ſhapes when death appears,
The thoughts of thee my boſom cheers.
The troubled main, &c.

But ſhould the gracious pow'rs be kind—
Diſpel the gloom, and ſtill the wind,
And waft me to thy arms once more,
Safe to my long loſt native ſhore:
No more the main,
I'd tempt again,
But tender joys improve,
I then with thee,
Should happy be,
And think on nought but love!

SONG XXXVI.

FRIENDSHIP to every willing mind
Opens a heavenly treaſure:
There may the ſons of ſorrow find
Sources of real pleaſure.
See what employment's men purſue,
Then will you own my words are true,
Friendſhip alone unfolds to view
Sources of real pleaſure.

Poor are the joys which fools eſteem,
Fading in tranſitory;
Mirth is as fleeting as a dream,
Or a deluſive ſtory;

Luxury leaves a ſting behind,
Wounding the body and the mind:
Only in Friendſhip can we find
Pleaſure and ſolid glory.

Beauty, with all its gaudy ſhows,
Is but a painted bubble;
Short is the triumph wit beſtows,
Full of deceit and trouble;
Fame, like a ſhadow, flies away,
Titles and dignities decay:
Nothing but Friendſhip can diſplay
Joys that are free from trouble.

Learning, (that boaſted glittering thing)
Scarcely is worth poſſeſſing;
Riches, forever, on the wing,
Cannot be call'd a bleſſing;
Senſual pleaſures fwells deſire,
Juſt as the fuel feeds the fire:
Friendſhip can real bliſs inſpire,
Bliſs that is worth poſſeſſing.

Happy the man who has a friend!
Form'd by the God of nature;
Well may he feel and recommend
Friendſhip for his Creator.
Then as our hands in Friendſhip join,
So let our ſocial powers combine,
Rul'd by a paſſion moſt divine,
Friendſhip with our Creator.

SONG XXXVII.

The Old Maid's laſt prayer.

COME all ye pretty maidens, ſome older ſome younger,
Who all have got ſweet-hearts, but I muſt ſtay longer,

Some ſixteen, ſome eighteen, are happily married,
Alas how unequally ſuch things are carried;
A limner, a penman, a tinker, a tailor.
A fiddler, a pedlar, a ploughman, a ſailor,
Come gentle, come ſimple, come fooliſh, come witty,
Come don't let me die a maid, take me out of pity.

I have a ſiſter Sally, who's younger than I am,
Has ſo many ſweethearts ſhe's forc'd to deny them.
I never was guilty of denying many,
The lord knows my heart, I'd be thankful for any,
A limner, &c.

I have a ſiſter Suſan, tho' ugly ill ſhapen,
Before ſhe was ſixteen years old, ſhe was taken,
Before ſhe was eighteen, a ſon and a daughter,
And I'm ſix and thirty and ne'er had an offer,
A limner, &c.

It has often been ſaid, by my father and mother,
That going to one wedding, makes way for another;
If that be the caſe, I will go without bidding.
And let the world judge, if I don't want a wedding.
A limner, &c.

I never will ſcold, and I'll never be jelaous,
My huſband ſhall have money to go to the alehouſe.
While he is there ſpending, I'll be at home ſaving,
And leave it to you all, if I an't worth the having.
A limner, &c.

SONG XXXVIII.

BOTH sexes give ear to my fancy,
While the praise of a woman I sing;
Confin'd not to Polly, nor Nancy,
But alike from the beggar to king.

When Adam at first was created,
And lord of the universe crown'd,
His happiness was not completed,
Because a help meet was not found.

He had all things that were wanting,
Which yield us contentment in life,
Both horses and foxes for hunting,
Which many love more than a wife.

A garden so planted by nature,
Man could not produce in his life,
And yet the all wise Creator
Saw that he wanted a wife.

Old Adam was cast into slumber,
A rib taken out of his side,
And when he awoke, he with wonder,
Beheld a most beautiful bride;

With transport he gazed upon her,
His happiness now was complete,
He prais'd the bountiful doner,
Who thus had provided a mate.

She was not taken out of his head,
To rule and triumph over man,
Nor was taken out of heel;
To be rul'd, and trampled upon:

But she was taken out of his side,
His equal companion to be.
And thus they both were united,
And man is the top of the tree.

Then let not the fair be despised
By man, for she's part of himself:

Since woman by Adam was prized,
More than the whole world full of wealth;
For man without woman's a beggar;
Although the whole world he poſſeſs,
And the beggar that has a good wife.
With more than this world he is bleſs'd.

SONG XXXIX.

ANY one, who reads the ſcripture,
Without a true Bunyanic rapture,
Will freely own ſome places in it,
Cannot be fathom'd in a minute.

Tho' God ſet a man to write it
He ſtudy'd all the while to indite it
In ſuch a form as made a ſum,
For wrangling ages, yet to come.

Hence, aroſe fierce gooſe quill wars,
Which hack religion all to ſcars;
They lug and tug it, wring and twiſt it,
To ſhow how one another miſs it.

SONG XL.

ON every hill, in every grove,
Along the margin of each ſtream,
Delicious ſcenes of former love
I mourn, and Damon is my theme.
The hills, the groves, the ſtreams remain,
But, Damon, thee I ſeek in vain.

From hill, from dale each charm has fled,
Groves, flocks, and fountains pleaſe no more;
Each flow'r in pity droops its head,
All nature does my loſs deplore.
All, all reproach the faithleſs ſwain,
Yet Damon ſtill I ſeek in vain.

SONG XLI.

HERE's a health to all good lasses.
Pledge it merrily, fill your glasses,
Let a bumper toast go round;
May they live a life of pleasure,
Without mixture without measure,
For in them true joys are found.
All good lasses, here's a bumper,
Fill your glasses, here's a bumper.

Drink about forgetting sorrow,
Hence anxiety of tomorrow,
Let a bumper toast go round;
Now my boys on joys be thinking,
Hand the bumper, let's be drinking,
All our cares in wine we'll drown.
All Good lasses, &c.

SONG XLII.

THE glad'ning sun returns from rest
To gild the clouds in yonder east,
And darts his cheerful ray:
The soaring lark begins to rise,
Then warbles through the specious skies,
And wakes the jocund day.

Come, lovely Sylvia, mild as May,
As fresh as morn, as fair as day,
Attend my rural theme;
The sylvan shades invite my lays,
There fain I'd sing my Sylvia's praise,
And tell my ardent flame.

Bright Phoebus decks the flow'ry lawn,
To sport invites the wanton fawn,
And paints the chequer'd grove:
The purling streams glide swift along,
And charming sounds the Linnet's song;
O sweet retreat for love.

Then let us to the ſhade retreat,
An I ſcorn the trifles of the great,
Their pageantry, and ſhow ;
There free from Coxcombs' prating noiſe
Let's taſte the ſweets of rural joys,
Which peace and love beſtow.

SONG XLIII.

O Nightingale ! beſt poet of the grove,
That plaintive ſtrain can ne'er belong to thee,
Bleſt in the full poſſeſſion of thy love ;
O lend that ſtrain, ſweet Nightingale, to me.

'Tis mine alas ! to mourn my wretched fate,
I love a maid who all my boſom charms ;
Yet loſe my days without this lovely mate,
Inhuman fortune keeps her from my arms.

You happy birds ! by nature's ſimple laws
Lead your ſoft lives, ſuſtain'd by nature's fare,
You dwell wherever roving fancy draws :
And love and ſong is all your pleaſing care.

But we, vain ſlaves of int'reſt and of pride,
Dare not be bleſt leſt envious tongues ſhould blame ;
And hence in vain I languiſh for my bride :
O mourn with me, ſweet bird, my hapleſs flame !

SONG XLIV.

THE ſpring time returns and clothes the green plains,
And Alloway ſhines more cheerful and gay,
The lark tunes her notes, and the neighboring ſwains
Sing merrily round me wherever I ſtray.

But Sanday no more returns to my view,
No ſpring time can cheer me nor muſic can charm;
He's gone, and, I fear me, forever adieu,
Adieu ev'ry pleaſure this boſom can warm.

Oh! Alloway houſe, how much art thou chang'd,
How ſilent, how dull, to me, is each grove,
Alone here I wander where once we both rang'd,
Alas! here, to pleaſe me, my Sandy once ſtrove.

Oft, Sandy, I've heard the ſoft tales that you told,
And lift'ned too fondly whene'er you ſung,
Have I grown leſs fair? or have you grown more cold?
O! fool, to believe your falſe flattering tongue.

Thus ſpoke the fond maid diſtracted with pain
And grief for her lover's long abſence oppreſſ'd
But fate at that moment brought back her dear ſwain,
Who heard all her moans and her plaintive addreſs,

O Nelly, my fair, I come now, my love,
No pow'rs ſhall again part thee from my arms;
And, Nelly, no more thy fond ſhepherd reprove,
Who knows all thy worth and adores all thy charms.

SONG XLV.

THE dawn of hope my ſoul revives
And baniſhes deſpair;
If yet my deareſt Damon lives

Make him, ye Gods, your care.

Diſpel thoſe gloomy ſhades of night,
My tender grief remove;
Oh ſend ſome cheering ray of light
To guide me to my love.

Thus in a ſecret friendly ſhade
The penſive Celia mourn'd,
While kindly echo bent its aid,
And ſigh for ſigh return'd.

When ſudden Damon's well known face
Each riſing fear diſarms,
He eager ſprings, to her embrace,
She ſinks into his arms.

SONG XLVI.

OH fortune how ſtrangely thy gifts are awarded!
How much to thy ſhame thy caprice is recorded!
As the wiſe great and good of thy frowns ſeldom 'ſcape any;
Witneſs brave Belliſarius who begg'd for a half-penny.
Date obolum, Date obolum, Date obolum, Belliſarius.

He whoſe fame from his valour and his victories aroſe. Sir,
Of his county the ſhield, and the ſcourge of her foes, Sir
By his poor faithful dog, blind and aged was led Sir,
With one foot in the grave thus to beg for his bread, Sir.
Date obolum, &c.

When a young roman knight in the ſtreet paſſing by, Sir,
The veteran ſurveyed with a heart rending ſigh, Sir,

And a purse in his helmet he dropped with a tear, Sir,
While the soldier's sad tale thus attracted his ear, Sir.
Date obolum, &c.

I have fought, I have bled, I have conquered for Rome, Sir.
I have crowned her with laurels which for ages must bloom, Sir,
I've enriched her with wealth, swelled her pride and her power, Sir,
I espous'd her for life, and disgrace is my dower, Sir.
Date obolum, &c.

Yet blood I ne'er wantonly wasted at random,
Loosing thousands their lives with a *nil desperandum*
But each conquest I gained I made friend and foe know
That my soul's only aim was *pro publice bono*,
Date obolum, &c.

I no colonies lost by attemps to enslave them,
I of Romans' free rights never strove to bereave them,
Nor to bow down their necks to the yoke for my pleasure,
Have an empire dismembered, or squandered its treasure.
Date obolum, &c.

Nor yet for my friends, my kindred nor myself, Sir,
Has my glory been stained by the base views of pelf, Sir.
For such low, sordid gains I've so far been from carving,
Old and blind I've no choice but of begging or starving.
Date obolum, &c.

How if ſoldier or ſtateſman, of what age or nation
Hereafter he may be, ſhould hear this relation,
And of eyeſight bereft ſhould, like me, grope his way, Sir,
The bright ſun beams of virtue will turn night to day, Sir.
Date obolum, &c.

So I to diſtreſs and to darkneſs inured, Sir,
In this vile cruſt of clay when no longer immured, Sir,
At death's welcome ſtroke my bright courſe ſhall begin, Sir,
And enjoy endleſs day from the ſunſhine within, Sir,
Date obolum, &c.

SONG XLVII.

AS Cupid in the garden ſtray'd,
A ſporting in a damaſk ſhade,
A bee, that lay conceal'd among
The ſilken weeds, his finger ſtung.

His beauteous cheeks the tears ran down,
He ſtamp'd, he blew the burning wound;
Then running, flying through the grove,
Thus plaintive to the queen of love,

He cry'd, my ma, ſee, oh! I die,
A little inſect wing'd to fly,
That's call'd a bee, on yonder plain,
It ſtung me, oh! I die with pain,

The ſmiling goddeſs then replied,
If you ſuch grief and anguiſh find
From the reſentment of a bee,
Think what thoſe feel who 're ſtung by thee.

SONG XLVIII.

SAYS Plato, Why ſhould man be vain ?
Since bounteous Heav'n has made him, great !
Why looketh he with inſolent diſdain
On thoſe undeck'd with wealth and ſtate ?
Can ſplendid robes or beds of down,
Or coſtly gems that deck the fair ?
Can all the glories of a crown,
Give health or eaſe the brow of care ?

The ſcepter'd king, the burthen'd ſlave,
The humble and the haughty die :
The rich the poor, the baſe, the brave,
In duſt without diſtinction lie.
Go ſearch the tombs where monarchs reſt,
Who once the greateſt cities bore ;
The wealth and glory they poſſeſt,
And all their honors are no more.

So glides the meteor through the ſky,
And ſpreads a loud, a gilded train :
But, when its ſhort liv'd beauties die,
Diſſolves to common air again.
So 'tis with us, my jovial ſouls,
Let Friendſhip reign while here we ſtay,
Let's crown our joys with flowing bowls,
When Jove commands we muſt obey.

SONG XLIX.

THE bright God of day, drew weſtward away,
And the evening was charming and clear ;
The ſwallow remains nimbly ſailing o'er the plains,
And the ſhadow like Giants appear.

In a gay ſummer bower, when the violet's in the flower,

And zephyr breath odors around,
Lov'ed Celia ſhe ſat playing on her ſpinnet
And ſhe charm'd all the grove with the ſound

The gay God of love flew over the grove,
By zephyrs conducted along,
As ſhe touch'd on the ſtring, he beat time with his wing,
And the echo repeated the ſong.

Roſy bowers ſhe ſung, while the harmony rung
And the birds they all flutt'ring arrive;
Th' induſtrious bees from the flowers on the trees,
Gently humm'd, with their ſweets, to the hive,

Ye mortals beware how ye venture too near,
Love doubly is armed to wound,
Your fate you may ſhun, but you're ſurely undone,
If you raſhly approach near the ſound.

SONG L.

A ROSE tree in full bearing,
Had ſweet flowers fair to ſee
One roſe beyond comparing,
For beauty attracted me,
Tho' eager once, to win it,
When lovely blooming freſh and gay,
I found canker in it.
And now, throw it far away.

How fine this morning early!
The ſun ſhining fair and bright,
So late I loved you dearly,
Tho' loſt now, each fond delight,
The clouds ſeem big with ſhowers,
The ſun beams no more are ſeen,
Farewell, ye fleeting hours,
Your falſhood has chang'd the ſcene,

When fair Aurora bluſhes,
And heaven s ſerene and clear,
The linnets, larks and thruſhes,
With muſic delight the ear;
When ſtorms begin to gather,
And clouds veil the vaulted ſkies,
They bid adiew to pleaſure,
In ſilence, their muſic dies.

So when you was my lover,
I thought you was all divine,
No blemiſh could diſcover,
But now all your vices ſhine;
I find you are inconſtant,
You're falſe and fickle, as the wind,
I'll think no more upon you.
But baniſh you from my mind.

As little Cupid played,
The ſweet blooming flowers, among,
A bee, that lay concealed
Under th' leaves, his finger ſtung;
Tears down his pretty cheeks ran,
He frantic, blow'd the ſmarting wound,
And crying thro' the grove ran,
Untill he his mother found;

Mamma, I'm ſorely wounded,
Aſſiſt me, or I die with pain.
My anguiſh is unbounded,
A bee ſtung me, on the plain;
She ſmilingly, replying,
Said, O my ſon how can it be?
That by a bee you're dying,
What muſt ſhe feel, who's ſtung by thee?

SONG LI.

HOW ſtands the glaſs around?
For ſhame, ye take no care of my boys,
How ſtand the glaſs around?

Let mirth and wine abound.
The trumpets ſound ;
The co'ors they are flying, boys,
To fight, kill, or wound,
May we ſtill be found,
Content with our hard fate, my boys,
On the cold ground.

Why, ſoldiers, why,
Should we be melancholy, boys ?
Why, ſoldiers, why,
Whoſe bus'neſs tis to die !
What ſighing fie !
Drown fear, drink on, be jolly boys,
'Tis he you or I ;
Cold, hot, wet or dry,
We're always bound to follow, boys,
And ſcorn to fly !

'Tis but in vain—
I mean not to upbraid ye, boys—
'Tis but in vain
For ſoldiers to complain,
Should next campaign
Send us to him who made us, boys,
We're free from pain !
But if we remain,
A bottle and kind land-lady, boys,
Cure all again.

SONG LII.

THERE was once, it was ſaid, when is out of my head.
And where too, yet true is my tale,
That a round belly'd vicear, bepimpled with liquor,
Could ſtick to no text like good ale.
Tol de rol, de rol, lol lol lol.

He one night 'gan to doſe ; for under the roſe

The parſon was then *non ſe ipſe* :
Non ſe ipſe !—you'll ſay, What's that to the lay ?
In plain engliſh, the parſon was tipſy.

His clerk ſtepping in, with a band bobbin chin,
As ſolemn and ſtupid as may be ;
The viccar he gap'd ; the clerk hemm'd and ſcrap'd,
Saying, Pleaſe, Sir, to bury a baby.

Now our author ſuppoſes, the clerk's name was Moſes,
He look'd like his maſter ſo roſy ;
Who blink with one eye, with his wig all away
And hiccup'd—Pray how is it Moſy ?

A child, Sir, is carry'd by yon to be bury'd—
Bury me Moſes ! no, that wont do.—
Lord, Sir ! ſaid the clerk, you are all in the dark ;
'Tis a child to be bury'd, not you.
Well, Moſes, don't hurry ; the infant we'll bury.—
But, maſter, the corpſe cannot ſtay —
Well can't it ? but why ? for once, then, we'll try
If a corpſe, Moſes, can run away.

But Moſes reply'd— Sir, the pariſh will chide,
For keeping them our in cold weather.—
Then Moſes quoth he, go and tell them, from me,
I'll bury them warm all together.
But, Sir, it rains hard : pray have ſome regard—
Regard, Moſes ! that makes me ſtay :
For no corpſe, young or old, in rain can catch cold ;
But, faith, Moſes, you and I may.

Moſes begg'd he'd be gone, ſaying, Sir, the rain's done ;
Pleaſe to riſe, and I'll lend you my hand.—
Oh ! 'tis hard, quoth the viccar, to leave my good liquor,
And go, where I'm ſure I can't ſtand,

Then the parſon ſore troubled, to the church-yard he hobbled.
Lamenting the length of the way:
For, Moſes, quoth he were I a biſhop, d'ye ſee,
I neither need walk, preach, nor pray.

When he came to the grave, ſays he—Moſes a ſtave.
Lord! where's my tobacco-box hid?
I declare this faſt walking prevents me from talking;
So Moſes, pray give me a quib.

Then he open'd the book, and in't ſeem'd to look,
But o'er the page only he ſquinted:—
Says he, Moſes, I'm vex'd, for I can't find the text.
The book is ſo damnably printed.

Good people, let's pray, Life's, alas! but a day:
Nay, ſometimes 'tis over at noon;
Man is but a flower, cut down in an hour:
'Tis ſtrong ale, Moſy, does it ſo ſoon.

Woman of a man born—no, that's wrong, the leaf's torn:
Upon woman the natural ſwell is;
The world would grow wild, were men got with child:
Moſes, you and I might have big bellies!

Neighbours mind what I ſay, when 'tis night 'tis not day,
Though in former times ſaints could work wonders;
For, cut off your head, in a trice, it is ſaid,
They'd replace it without any blunders.
Come, let us go forth; put the child in the earth;
Duſt to duſt, Moſes, duſt is away;

For Moſes, I truſt we all ſhould be duſt,
If we were not to moiſten our clay.

So one pot, and then—the clerk ſaid, Amen.—
And thus we have carried the farce on.
The taſte of the times will reliſh our rhymes,
When the ridicule runs on a parſon.

Then, Satire, deteſt Immortality's jeſt,
Each profane or immodeſt expreſſion:
But we'll not be rude but drink, as we ſhould,
To the good folks of ev'ry profeſſion.

SONG LIII.

IN a mouldering cave when the wretched retreat,
Britania ſat waſted with care,
She wep'd for her woife then exclaim'd againſt fate,
And gave herſelf up to deſpair.
The wall of her cell was inſculpter'd around,
With th' exploits of her fav'rite ſon,
And even the duſt as it lay on the ground
Was engrav'd with the deeds he had done.

The ſire of his Gods from his chryſtaline throne,
Beheld this diſconſolate dame,
And mov'd with his tears he ſent Mercury down,
And theſe were the tidings that came.
Britania forbear, not a ſigh nor a tear,
For thy Wolfe ſo deſervedly lov'd;
Your grief ſhall be chang'd into triumph of joy,
Thy Wolfe is not dead but remov'd.

The ſons of the earth the proud Giants of old,
Have broke from their darkſome abode,

And such is the news as in heaven its told,
They're marching to war with their God,
A council was held in the chamber of Jove,
When they came to this final decree,
That Woife should be call'd to the armies above,
And the charge was entrusted to me.

To the plains of Quebec with these orders I flew,
He begg'd for a moments delay—
He cry'd O! forbear let me victory hear,
And then thy commands I'll obey.
With a dark'ning film I encompass'd his eyes,
And convey'd him away in an urn
Left the fondness he bore to his own native shore,
Should persuade him again to return.

SONG LIV.

CEASE a while ye winds to blow
Cease ye murm'ring waves to flow,
Hush'd be every rude noise,
Methinks I hear my wanderers voice.

There's the rock, the stream, the tree,
Hark a voice methinks 'tis he;
'Tis not he yet night comes on
Ah! where's my lovely wanderer gone.

Loud I'll speak I'll make him hear,
'Tis I who calls my love my dear;
Night comes on why this delay
My lovely wanderer's lost his way.

SONG LV.

NO more my song shall be ye swains!
Of purling streams and flowery plains,
More fragrant beauties now inspire,

And Phœbus tunes the warbling lyre;
Divinely aided thus I mean,
To celebrate, to celebrate my highland queen.

In her sweet innocence you'll find,
Fair beauty truth and freedom join'd,
Strict honor fits her spotless soul,
And adds a lustre to the whole;
A matchless shape a lovely mein,
All centre in my highland queen.

No sudden rush of trifling joys,
Her settled calm of life destroys,
From pride and affectation free,
She smiles alike on you and me,
The brightest nymph that trips the green,
I do pronounce my highland queen.

How blest'd the youth whose generous fate,
Has destin'd to so fair a mate.
With all these wond'rous gifts in store,
While each returning day brings more—
What man more happy can be seen,
Possessing thee my highland queen.

SONG LVI.

WHILE Zephyrs fan the verdant grove,
And flowrets deck the plain;
While shepherds tell the nymphs their love,
And flaunt in pleasures train—
To yonder cottage of my fair
My anxious footsteps bind
What joy so great as viewing there
A lover and a friend.

To her I fear not to disclose,
The secrets of my heart,
She bears a part in all my woes,
In all my joys a part!
If e'er she weep I kiss the tear
And bid her sorrows end

If she is pleas'd joy shows me near
A lover and a friend.

The youthful innocent and gay,
Of spotless mind and mien,
She quickly steals all hearts away,
Wherever she is seen;
But tho' each shepherds heart she charms,
And all before her bind,
Round me alone she throws her arms,
A lover and a friend.

SONG LVII.

HERE a shire hulk lies poor Tom Bowlin,
The darling of our crew—
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For death has bro't him too:
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft,
Faithful below he did his duty,
And now he's gone aloft,
And now, &c.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare,
His friends were many and true hearted,
His Pol was kind and fair;
And then he'd sing as blythe and jolly,
Many is the time and oft
But mirth has turn'd to melancholy,
For Tom has gone aloft!
For Tom, &c.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasent weather,
When he who all commands,
Shall give to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands!
Then death whom kings and tars dispatches,
In vain Tom's life has cost,

For altho' his body's under hatches,
His soul has gone aloft,
His soul, &c.

SONG LVIII.

WHEN bidden to the wake or fair,
The joy of each free hearted swain;
'Till Phebe promis'd to be there,
I loitered last of all the train:
If chance some fairing caught her eye,
A ribbon gay or silken glove.
With eager haste I ran to buy,
For what is gold compar'd to love.

My posy on her bosom plac'd,
Could there its sweetest scents exhale,
Her auburn locks my ribbon grac'd
And flutter'd in the wanton gale:
With scorn she hears me now complain,
Nor can my rustic presence move,
Her heart prefers a richer swain
And gold alas has banish'd love.

SONG LIX.

ON Richmond's hill there lives a lass,
More blythe than May day morn,
Her charms all other maids surpass,
She's a rose without a thorn.
This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,
Hath won my right good will,
I'd crowns resign, to call her mine,
Sweet lass of Richmond hill.
Sweet lass, &c.

Ye zephyrs gay that fan the air,
And wanton in the grove,
Go whisper to my charming fair,
I die for her with love,
This lass, &c.

How happy must the sheph erdbe,
Who calls this nymph his own;
O that her heart was fix'd on me,
Mine beats for her alone.
This lass, &c.

SONG LX.

YE sons of Mars attend, come join the festive throng,
In lofty strains exalt, for Jove approves our song,
Let gladness every heart expand let gratitude inspire,
Each Patriot's breast with joy and mirth to hail the royal fire.
A Dauphin born, let canons roar,
Bid Echo rend the sky,
Long life to Gallious King
Columbia's great ally.

Hark! hark! a sude joy it makes trembling ether ring
While shouting armies hail, a Prince a future king,
On whom may heaven with liberal hand its choicest gifts bestow,
May peace and wisdom bless his reign, and laurels grace his brow,
A Dauphin, &c.

To visit earth once more Lo! lo! Astreal deigns,
The golden age returns and truth and justice reigns.
See proud oppression hides its head, till tyrany expires,
And Independence heavens fair gift, lights freedoms sacred fires,
A Dauphin, &c.

SONG LXI.

LET poets their mistresses praises rehearse,
Let fiction supply them with subject and verse,
A Goddess and I, I'm sure ne'er can agree,
Since the girl that I love is a mortal like me.
Since the, &c.

Kind nature has bless'd her with charms I must own,
Nor is she indebted to nature alone,
No act or design in Maria you see,
Altho' she's no more than a mortal like me.
Altho' she's, &c.

Health blooms on her cheek virtue smiles in her eye,
I love her sincerely I'll tell you for why—
She'll dance laugh and sing she is chatty and free,
And yet she's no more than a mortal like me.
And yet she's, &c.

I'll apply not to Cupid or Venus for aid,
I'll apply where I love to my favorite maid,
All I ask all I wish in this world you may see,
Love a mortal Maria, oh let it be me.
Love a, &c.

SONG LXII.

THE bright rosy morning
Peeps over the hills,
With blushes adorning,
The meadows and fields,
Hear the merry, merry, merry horn,
Cry come, come away;
Awake from your slumber,
And hail the new morn,

The ſtag roſe before us,
Away ſeems to fly,
And pants to the chorus
Of the hounds in full cry,
Then let us, let us, let us follow
The muſical chace,
Whilſt pleaſure with vigor
We have health to embrace.

The day ſports being over,
Our blood circles right,
And brings the briſk lover,
Freſh charms for the night—
Then let us, let us, let us enjoy all
We can while we may
Let love crown our nights, boys,
As the ſports crown the day.

SONG LXIII.

O the moments were ſad when my love and I parted,
Savoyne yon Delah Chevan aye;
As I kiſſed off the tear I was nigh broken hearted.
Savoyne, &c.

Briſk were our men all roaring like thunder,
Pleaſed with the voyage and impatient of plunder,
But my poor heart was nigh broke aſſunder!
Savoyne, &c.

When the word of command put our men into motion,
Savoyne, &c.

As I buckled on my knapſack to croſs the wide ocean
Savoyne, &c.
Won was her cheek as ſhe hung on my ſhoulder,

Damp was her hand no marble was colder,
I fear'd that again I never would behold her;
Savoyne, &c.

Long I fought for my country far from my true love,
Savoyne &c.
Peace being proclaim'd I escaped from the slaughter,
Landed at home and my sweet girl I sought her,
But sorrow alas to a cold grave had bro't her,
Savoyne yon Delah Chevan aye.

SONG. LXIV.

THE sweet briar grows in the merry green wood,
Where the mush rose diffuses, diffuses its perfumes so free,
But the blight often seizes both blossom and bud,
While the mildew flies over the Mulberry tree.

In the nursery reared like the young tender vine,
Mankind of all orders and every degree,
First crawl on the ground then spring up like the pine,
And some branches bear fruit like the Mulberry tree.

To the fair tree of knowledge some twine like a twig,
While some sappy sprouts with their fruits disagree,
For which we from birch now and then pluck a twig,
Which is not quite so sweet as the Mulberry tree.

The vaſt tree of life we all eagerly climb,
And impatiently pant at its high top to be,
Tho' nine out of ten are lopped off in their prime,
And they drop like dead leaves from the Mulberry tree.

Some live by the leaf and ſome live by the bough,
As the ſong, or the dance their vocation may be,
And ſome live and ſtrive though we know no more how
Than the dew that flies over the Mulberry tree.

But like weeping willows we hang down our heads,
When poor wither'd elders were deſtin'd to be
And we're minded no more than mere dogs when they're dead,
Or the dew that flies over the Mulberry tree.

SONG LXV.

LADY WASHINGTON.

SAW you my hero GEORGE,
I have travell'd o'er the plain,
And enquir'd of every ſwain,
But no tidings could I get of my GEORGE.

I ſaw not your hero
But I'm told he's in the van,
Where the battle's juſt began,
But I haſte to take care of my men.

O'er hills and o'er dales o'er mountains and plains,

Where the drums and the trumps sound alarms,
O! ye Gods I give you charge,
To protect my hero GEORGE,
And return him safe back to my arms.

SONG LXVI.

HOW sweet is the woodland with fleet hound an! horn!
To waken shrill echo and taste the fresh morn;
But hard is the chace my fond heart must pursue,
For Daphne, fair Daphne is lost to my view—
Assist me DIANA, the nymph to regain,
More fleet than the roebuck, and wing'd with disdain,
In pity o'ertake her, who wounds as she flies,
Though Daphne's pursued 'tis Myrtillo that dies.

SONG LXVII.

FRESH and strong the breeze is blowing,
As yon ship at anchor rides;
Sullen waves incessant flowing
Rudely dash against its sides.
Thus my heart, its course impeded,
Beats in my perturbed breast.
Doubts, like waves by waves succeeded,
Rise and still deny it rest.—

By her anchor still supported
Idly round the tempest roar,
See the broken cables parted,
And, alas! the ship's on shore.
Thus despair my soul annoying,
Like the overwhelming wave;
Hopes and fears, alike destroying,
Speed me to the silent grave.

SONG LXVIII.

AS I was walking to take the fresh air,
Alexis a talking I chanced to hear,
And as he sat o'ershaded with willows
I heard him complain,
O charming young Daphe, thy cruel disdain
Has pierced my heart with most exquisite pain;
Oh! how could you deceive me,
Thus wound me, and leave me
To languish alone.

In various circles the lambkins do play,
The innocent turtles are sportive and gay,
But I, alas! am doomed to see pleasure
I cannot enjoy;
I'll fly from all mirth to some mountains unknown
And there I will languish in sorrow alone.
Oh how, &c.

Go, go, gentle Zephyrs, resound in her ear
The anguish I suffer by passion since,
I loathe my food, my sleep is departed,
The world sinks in gloom;
Tell Daphne her beauty and youth will decay,
As roses ungathered will soon fade away.
Oh how, &c.

Stop, stop, gentle Zephyrs, there lies the fair maid,
Watched by her own angel beneath yonder shade
In soft repose, oh guard her sweet slumbers,
Ye powers above;
Hush, hush, ye gay songsters, be silent, thou rill,
While Daphne reposes, all nature, be still.
Breathe, breathe fragrant, ye roses,
While Daphne reposes
In sweet sleep.

SONG LXIX.

PAIN'D with her slighting Jamies love
Bell drop'd a tear, repenting tear,
The God descending from above
Well pleas'd to hear, well pleas'd to hear,
They hear d the praises of the youth
From her own tongue, from her own tongue,
Who now converted was to truth
And thus she sung, most sweetly sung

Blest days when our ingenuous sex,
More frank and kind, &c.
Did not their fond admirers vex,
But spoke their mind, &c.
Repenting now she promised fair,
Would he return, &c.
She ne'er again would give him care,
Nor cause him mourn, ungrateful mourn.

Why loved I the deserving swain !
Yet still thought shame, &c.
While he my yielding heart did gain
To own my flame, &c.
Why took I pleasure to torment,
And seem'd so coy ? &c.
Which makes me now, alas ! lament
My slighted love, my slighted joy.

Ye fair, which beauty's in the spring,
Own your desire, your fond desire,
While gentle love with his soft wing
Fans up the fire, &c.
Oh ! do not with a silly pride
Or low disdain, &c.
Refuse to be a happy bride,
But answer plain, directly plain.

Thus the fair mourner wail'd her crime,
With flowing eyes, o'er flowing eyes,
Glad Jemmy heard her all the time,

With ſweet ſurpriſe, &c.
Some God had brought him to the grove,
His mind unchang'd, &c.
Flew to her arms, and cried, my love,
I am reveng'd, ſweetly reveng'd.—

SONG LXX.

TRUST not man for he'll deceive you;
Treach'ry is his ſole intent;
Firſt he'll *court* you, than he'll *leave* you,
Poor, deluded! to lament.

Form'd by nature to undo us,
They eſcape our utmoſt heed;
Oh! how *humble* when they *woo* us,
But how *proud*, when they *ſucceed*,

So the *Bird* when once deluded,
By the fowler's artful ſnare:
Pines out life in cage ſecluded;
Fair ones, while you're young, beware.

SONG LXXI.

PARODY ON THE ABOVE.

TRUST not *woman*, ſhe'll beguile you,
All her ſmiles are form'd by art;
Firſt ſhe'll *flatter* then *exile* you,
Sighing with a broken heart!

Form'd by nature to purſue us,
They outſtrip the fleeteſt men;—
Ah! how ſweet they bill and coo us
But how *proud* they triumph then!

So the FISH the bait admiring,
On the *angler's* fatal ſnare,
Gaſps out, life in pangs expireing!
LOVERS, of the *book* beware!

SONG LXXII.

SOME women take delight in dreſs,
And ſome in cards take pleaſure,
While others place their happineſs
In heaping hoards of treaſure,
In private ſome delight to kiſs,
Their hidden charms unfolding.
But they miſtake their ſov'reign bliſs,
Their's no ſuch joy as ſcolding.

Each morn, as I open my eyes,
I ſoon diſperſe all ſilence,
Before my neighbors can ariſe,
They hear my clack a mile hence.
When at the board I take my ſeat,
There's one continued riot;
I eat, I ſcold, I ſcold, I eat,
My clack is never quiet.

Let it be fleſh, or fowl or fiſh,
Though of my own providing,
I ſtill find fault with every diſh,
Still every ſervant chiding:
Too fat, too lean, too ſalt too freſh,
I never can be ſuited,
But give a blaſt at every diſh,
Bak'd roaſted, boil'd or ſtewed.

Every night when I go to bed,
I ſurely fall a weeping,
For ſilence is the thing I dread,
I cannot ſcold when ſleeping.
But then my pains to mitigate,
And drive away all ſorrow,
Although to night may be too late,
I'll pay them off to-morrow.

SONG LXXIII.

YE virgins attend,
Believe me your friend,
And with prudence adhere to my plan:
Ne'er let it be said.
There goes an old maid,
But get married as fast as you can.

As soon as you find
Your hearts are inclin'd,
To beat quick at the sight of a man;
Then choose out a youth
With honor and truth,
And get married as fast as you can.

For age, like a cloud,
Your charms soon will shroud,
And this whimsical life's but a span;
Then maids make your hay,
While Sol darts his ray,
And get married as fast as you can.
The treacherous rake
Will artfuly take,
Ev'ry method poor girls to trepan;
But baffle their snare,
Make virtue your care,
And get married as fast as you can.

And when Hymen's bands,
Have joined both your hands,
The bright flame still continue to fan;
Ne'er harbor the stings
That jealousy brings,
But be constant, and blest while you can.

SONG LXXIV.

MACHERAMI my charming fair,
Whose smiles can banish every care;
In kind compassion smile on me,
Whose only care is love and thee.
Macherami, Macherami, Macherami.

Under sweet friendship's sacred name,
My bosom caugh the tender flame,
May friendship in thy bosom be,
Converted into love for me.
Macherami, &c.

Together reared together grown,
O let our hearts unite in one;
Let pity soften thy decree,
I droop dear maid I die for thee.
Macherami, &c.

SONG LXXV.

Answer to the above.

MONCHERE Amia let not despair,
Your bosom load with anxious care;
Whose heart so open, mind so free,
I'll think on him who thinks on me,
Monchere Amia.

Charge not a tender virgins flame,
With rudeness to confess the same,
Oh pardon all the faults you see,
Still think on her who thinks on thee.
Monchere Amia.

Then let us to the church incline,
On Hyman wait our hands to join,
Forever happy we will be,
I blest with you, you blest with me.
Monchere Amia.

SONG LXXVI.

NOW we are free'd from College rules,
From common place-book reasoning,
From trifling syllogistic schools,
And system out of season:
Never more will have defin'd,
If matter think or thinks not,
All the matter we've to mind,
To see who drinks or or drinks not.

Metaphysically to trace,
The mind or soul attracted,
Or prove infinity of space,
By cause or cause affected;
Better souls we can't become,
By immaterial thinking—
And as for space we want no room,
But just enough to drink in.

Plenum, vacuum, minus, plus,
Are learned words and rare too,
Those terms our Tutors may discuss,
And those who please may her too.
A *plenum* in our wine we show,
And *plus* and *plus* behind Sir,
And when our cash is *minus* low,
A *Vacuum* soon we find Sir.

Capernium that learned sage,
Don Tycho's error proving,
Declaring I can't tell what page,
The Earth round sol was moving:
But which goes round what's that to us,
Each is perhaps a notion:
With Earth and Sun we'll make no fuss;
But mind the bottles motion.

Great Gallio ill was us'd,
By superstitious fury,
Antipodians were abus'd,

By ignoramus jury :
But feet to feet we do atteſt,
Nor fear a treatment ſcurvey,
For when we're drunk *perbatum eſt*,
We're tumbling topſy turvy.

Newton talk'd of lights and ſhades,
And different colous knew Sir,
Don't let us diſturb our heads,
We will but ſtudy too Sir,
White and red our glaſſes boaſt,
Reflection and refraction,
After him we'll name our toaſt,
The centus of attraction.

On that Theſis we'll declaim,
With *ſtratum ſuperſtructum*
There's mighty magic in the name
'Tis natures *poſtulatum* :
Wine in nature's next to love,
Then wiſely let us blend them,
Firſt tho' Phyſically prove,
Num tempus eſt virbendum.

SONG LXXVII.

A BEAUTEOUS Sterling late I ſaw,
On lovely Sylvia's hand ;
To check its flight, around its leg,
She ties a ſilken band.

In vain it flutters to be gone ;
Confinement is its lot :
In vain it ſtrives to break the band,
But can't untie the knot.

"Ceaſe, ceaſe, *ſhe cri'd*, here you ſhall feed
"And in my boſom reſt,"
No bird that ever wing'd the air,
Was half ſo much careſt.

"If from my hand you ſhould eſcape,
"You may perchance be ſhot ;

" Then ceaſe to peck 'tis all in vain ;
" You cant untie the knot."

The bird contented grows at length,
While Sylvia ſtrokes his plumes,
Erects his little creſt and, ſoon,
His former notes reſumes.

From what he'd heard the fair one ſay,
Theſe words by rote he got,
And oft repeated every day,
You can't untie the knot.

One evening youthful Damon ſat,
With Sylvia by his ſide ;
Reward my love at laſt, ſaid he,
To-morrow be my BRIDE.

Her bluſhes in his favor roſe
Yet ſhe conſented not ;
For ere ſhe ſpoke the Sterling cri'd,
You can't untie knot.

SONG. LXXVIII.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
Aw'd by a thouſand tender fears,
I would approach but dare not move ;
Tell me my heart, if this be love ?

When e'er ſhe ſpeaks, my raviſh'd ear
No other voice but her's can hear ;
No other wit but her's approve ;
Tell me my heart, if this be love ?

If ſhe ſome other ſwain command ;
Tho' I was once his fondeſt friend,
His inſtant enemy I prove ;
Tell me my heart, if this be love ?

When ſhe is abſent, I no more
Delight in all that pleaſ'd before,
The cleareſt ſpring, the ſhadieſt grove ;
Tell me my heart, if this be love ?

When fond of powe'r, of beauty vain,
Her net ſhe ſpread for ev'ry ſwain;
I ſtrove to hate, but vain'y ſtrove:
Tell me my heart, if this be love?

SONG LXXIX.

'TWAS on the morn of ſweet May day,
When nature painted all thinge gay,
Taught birds to ſing and lambs to play,
And gild the meadows rare:
Young Jockey early in the dawn,
Aroſe, and tript it o'er the lawn;
His Sunday's coat the youth put on,
For Jenny had vow'd away to run
With Jockey to the fair.
For Jenny had vow'd, &c.

The cheerful pariſh bells had rung,
With eager ſteps he trudg'd along,
With flow'ry garlands round him hung,
Which ſhepards us'd to wear:
He tapt the window—Haſte, my dear,
Jenny impatient, cri'd Who's there?
'Tis I, my love, and no one near;
Step gently down, you've nought to fear,
With Jockey to the fair.

My dad and mamma's faſt aſleep,
My brother's up, and with the ſheep;
And will you ſtill your proiſe keep,
Which I have heard you ſwear?
And will you ever conſtant prove?
I will by all the powers above.
And ne'er deceive my charming I dove:
Diſpel theſe doubts, and haſte my love,
With Jockey to the fair

Behold the ring, the ſhepherd cri'd
Will Jenny be my charming bride?
Let Cupid be our happy guide,

And Hymen meet us there.
Then Jockey did his vows renew,
He would be conſtant, would be true;
His word was pledg'd—away ſhe flew,
With cowſlips tipt with balmy dew,
With Jockey to the fair.

In raptures meet the joyful throng,
Their gay companions blithe and young;
Each join the dance, each join the ſong,
And hail the happy pair:
In turns there's none ſo fond as they,
They bleſs'd the kind propitious day;
The ſmiling morn of blooming May,
When lovely Jenny ran away,
With Jockey to the fair.

SONG LXXX.

I DREAMT I ſaw a piteous ſight,
Young Cupid weeping lay,
Until his pretty ſtars of light,
Had wept themſelves away.

Methought I aſk'd him why he wept,
Mere pity led me on:
He deeply ſigh'd and then reply'd,
Alas! I am undone.

As I beneath yon mirtle lay,
Cloſe by Diana's ſprings,
Amintor ſtole my bow away,
And pinion'd both my wings.

Alas! ſaid I, where's then thy bow,
Wherewith he wounded me?
Thou art a god, and ſuch a blow,
Could come from none but thee.

But if thou wilt revenged be
On that ambitious ſwain,
I'll ſet thy wings at liberty,
And thou ſhalt fly again:

And all the ſervice on my part
That I require of thee,
Is that you'd wound Amintor's heart,
And makes him die for me.

The ſilken fetters I unti'd,
And the gay wings diſplay'd,
He mounting gently fann'd and cry'd
Adieu, fond fooliſh maid!

At that I bluſh'd and angry grew,
I ſhould the god believe;
But waking found my dream too true,
Alas! I was a ſlave.

SONG LXXXI.

I SIGH and lament me in vain,
Theſe walls can but echo my moan;
Alas! it increaſes my pain,
When I think on the days that are gone.

Through the grate of my priſon I ſee,
The birds as they wanton in air:
My heart how it pants to be free,
My looks they are wild with deſpair!

Above, though oppreſt with my fate,
I burn with contempt for my foes;
Though fortune has alter'd my ſtate,
She ne'er can ſubdue me to thoſe.

Falſe women! In all ages to come,
Thy malice deteſted ſhall be;
And when we are cold in the tomb,
Some hearts ſhall ſtill ſorrow for me.

Ye roofs, where cold damps and diſmay,
With ſilence and ſolitude dwell;
How comfortleſs paſſes the day!
How ſad tolls the evening bell!

The owls from the battlements cry;
Hollow winds ſeem to murmur around;

O Mary! prepare thee to die!
My blood it runs cold at the ſound!

SONG LXXXII.

OF damaſk cheeks, and ſnowy neck,
Let other lovers tell:
Within the boſom of my fair,
Superior beauties dwell.

There all the graces of the mind,
In fair aſſemblage play;
There each endearing virtue ſhed
Its intellectual ray.

Unbounded ſympathy diſplays,
Each captivating charm!
While friendſhip pure, and virtuous love,
Her tender boſom warm.

When that fair form ſhall ſink in age,
And all thoſe graces fly,
The beauty of that heav'nly mind.
Shall length of years defy.

SONG LXXXIII.

I THAT once was a ploughman, a ſailor am now,
No lark that's aloft in the ſky,
Ever flutter'd its wings to give ſpeed to the plough,
Was ſo gay and ſo careleſs as I,
But my friend was a *Carſindo* on board a King's ſhip,
And he *axed* me to go to ſea for a trip;
And he talk'd of ſuch things
As if ſailors were Kings;
And ſo teazing did keep,
That I left my poor plough, to go ploughing the deep;

Where so sweetly the horn,
Call'd me up in the morn,
Ere I trusted to the *Carfindo* or the inconstant wind. [him
That made me for to go and leave my dear be-
When so sweetly the horn, &c.

I did'nt much like to be on board a ship,
When in danger there's no door to creep out;
I lik'd the jolly Tars, I lik'd bumbo and flip,
But I didn't like rocking about.
By and by came a hurricane I didn't like that
Next a battle that many a sailor laid flat;
Ah! Why did I roam,
When so happy at home?
I could sow, and could reap,
Ere I left my poor plough, to ploughing the deep.
Where so sweetly the horn, &c.

At length safe I landed, and in a whole skin,
Nor did I make any long stay,
Ere I found by a friend who I *ax'd* for my kin,
Father dead and my wife run away,
Ah! who but thyself, cry'd I, hast thou to blame,
Wives loosing their husbands oft loose a good name.
Ah! Why did I roam,
When so happy at home?
I could sow, and could reap,
Ere I left my poor plough, and went ploughing the deep.
Where so sweetly the horn, &c.

Why if that be the case said this very same friend,
And you be'nt no more minded to roam;
Gi's a shake by your fist, all your care's at an end,

Dad's alive and your wife's safe at home:
Stark staring with joy, I leap'd out of my skin,
Buss'd my wife, mother, sister, and all of my kin:
Ah! cri'd I, let them roam,
Who want a good home;
I am well, so I'll keep,
Nor again leave my plough, to go ploughing the deep:
Once more shall the horn call me up in the morn, &c.

SONG LXXXIV.

A TAILOR I once was as blythe as e'er need be,
Until love alas sure the devil had made me,
I that once was so lusty, was call'd Will the Rover
Am now a poor skeleton, O! I am done over.

How many a day have I sat with great pleasure,
And cut out my cloth to my customer's measure,
With a full yard for cabbage, I liv'd then in Dover.
But Sus' cruel charms have me fairly done over.
When first I beheld her pass by my shop window,
My goose being hot burnt a sleeve to the cinder,
O! the girls do so jeer me that I can go no where,
Was ever poor tailor so fairly done over.

The last time I saw her, was with a bold sailor,
She sneer'd and said there's the done over tailor,
Good by Mr. Stitch Cloth, I'm going to Dover,
Was ever poor tailor so fairly done over.

So now she has left me and gone with the sailor,
Thus left me alone a poor overdone tailor;
I ne'er more will cabbage or be Will the Rover,
God grant I was dead, for I'm surely done over.

SONG LXXXV.

MAKE room, O ye kingdoms in hiſtory re-
down'd,
Whoſe arms have in battle with vict'ry been
crown'd ;
Make room for Columbia, another brave nation,
Who riſes to claim in your councils a ſtation.
Her ſons fought for Freedom, and Heaven had
decreed,
From baſe ſlavery's ſhackles that they ſhould be
freed :
Then join friends to Freedom, throughout the
whole earth,
And hail the bleſt day that gave WASHINGTON
birth.

When tyrany ſtalk'd o'er plains grim and bold,
And fate the dread ſequel had yet to unfold,
The Gods view'd the Armies for battle prepare,
While the balance of Jove hung ſuſpended in
air ;
Mars inſtantly flew and ſelected a Chief,
And brought to the arms of Columbia relief.
Then join friends to Freedom, &c.

The ancients exulting, their heroes may bring,
A greater than thoſe, I've the honor to ſing ;
Alexander and Cæſar delighted in blood,
But *Mount Vernon's* Chief was as great as he'w's
good ;
Achilles and Hector were cruelly brave,
But braver'w's that hero who conquer'd to ſave.
Then join friends to Freedom, &c.

To ſee him once more in the Godlike employ,
What heart would not beat with emotions of
joy ;
Who ſcorning retirement when menac'd by foes,
He bravely ſtep'd forward to ward off the blows

Then brave generous youths their phalanx did form,
When he led the way you might challenge the storm.
Then join friends to freedom, &c.

But should arm'd with slaughter all Europe come o'er,
Columbia will meet them on sea or on shore;
Our guns shall hurl thunder, destructive to those,
Who dare against Freemen their malice oppose;
The cause we'll support, 'tis great and 'tis glorious,
When men fight for justice they must be victorious.
Then join friends to Freedom, &c.

We now are assembled to honor his name,
While thousands this moment are shouting his fame;
Let party and faction by us be disown'd,
And sweet smiling harmony here sit enthron'd;
Let's imitate him who in spite of a few,
Added leaves to his laurels the older he grew.
Then join friends to virtue throughout the whole earth,
And hail the blest day that gave WASHINGTON birth.

SONG LXXXVI.

WHEN the hollow Drum has beat to bed,
When the little fifer hangs his head;
Still and mute, the Moorish flute,
And nodding guards watch wearily;—
Then will we, from prison free,
March out by moonlight, cheerily.—

When the Moorish cymballs clash by day,
When the brazen trumpets shrilly bray
The slave in vain must then complain

Of tyrany and knavery,
Would he know his time to go,
And ſlyly ſlip from ſlavery?

'Tis when the hollow drum has beat to bed,
When the little fifer hangs his head;—
Still and mute the Mooriſh flute;—
And nodding guards watch wearily;
Oh, then muſt he from priſon free,
March out by moonlight, cheerily.

SONG LXXXVII.

'TIS ſaid we ventrous die—hard, when we quit the ſhore,
Our friends ſhould mourn, left we return, to bleſs their ſight no more,
But this is all a notion, bold Jack can't underſtand,
Some die upon the ocean, and ſome die on the land;
Then ſince 'tis clear howe'er we ſtear
No man's life's under his command,
Let tempeſt howl, and billows roll, and dangers preſs,
Of theſe in ſpirit there are ſome joys, all jolly tars to bleſs
For Saturday nigh ſtil comes, my, boys, to drink to Poll and Beſs.

One ſeaman hands the ſails another heaves the log
The Purſer ſwops our pay for ſlops, the landlord ſells us grog;
Thus each man to his ſtation, to keep life's ſhip in trim,
What argufies noration, the reſt is fortune's whim,
Cheerly, my hearts, then do your parts;
Boldly reſolved to ſink or ſwim;
The mighty ſurge may ruin urge, and dangers preſs.
Of theſe in ſpite &c.

For all the world juſt like the ropes aboard a ſhip, [life a trip;
Each man's rig'd out a veſſel ſtout, to take for
The ſhrouds, and ſtays, and braces are joys, and hopes, and fears,
The haulyards, ſheets, and traces, ſtill as each paſſion veers,
Or whim prevails, directs the ſails, as on the ſea of life he ſteers,
Then let the ſtorm heaven's face deform, and dangers preſs.
Of theſe in ſpite, &c.

SONG LXXXVIII.

YE fair, poſſeſs'd of ev'ry charm
To captivate the will;
Whoſe ſmiles can rage itſelf diſarm,
Whoſe frowns at once can kill.
Say, Will you deign the verſe to hear,
Where flatt'ry bears no part;
An honeſt verſe, that flows ſincere,
And candid from the heart?

Great is your pow'r; but, greater yet
Mankind it might engage;
If, as ye all can make a net,
Ye all can make a cage,
Each nymph a thouſand hearts may take;
For who's to beauty blind?
But to what end a priſoner make,
Unleſs you've ſtrength to bind!

Attend the council often told,
Too often told in vain,
Learn that beſt art, the art to hold,
And lock the lovers chain.
Gameſters to little purpoſe win,
Who loſe again as faſt:
Tho' beauty may the charm begin,
'Tis ſweetneſs makes it laſt.

SONG LXXXIX.

WHY should our joys transform to pain?
Why gentle Hymen's silken chain
A plague of Iron prove?
Benoith, 'tis strange—the charm that binds
Millions of hands, should leave their minds
At such a loose from love.

In vain I sought the wonderous cause
Rang'd the wide fields of nature's laws,
And urg'd the schools in vain;
Then, deep in thought, within my breast
My soul retired, and slumber dress'd
A bright instructive scene.—

O'er the broad lands, and cross the tide,
On fancy's airy horse I ride,
Sweet rapture of the mind!
Till, on the banks of Gange's flood,
In a tall, ancient grove I stood,
For sacred use design'd.

Hard by, a venerable priest,
Ris'n with his God, the sun, from rest,
Awoke his morning song;
Thrice he conjur'd the murm'ring stream;
The birth of souls was all his theme,
And half divine his tongue.

He sang "th' eternal rolling flame,
'That vital mass that still the same,
'Does all our minds compose;
'But shap'd in twice ten thousand frames;
'Thence diff'ring souls of diff'ring names,
'And jarring tempers rise.

'The mighty pow'r that form'd the mind,
'Once could the event to design'd,
'And bless'd the new born pair;
This be a match," he said,
Then down he sent the souls he made,

'To seek them bodies here.

'But parting from their warm abode,
'They lost their fellows, on the road,
'And never join'd their hands:
'Ah! cruel chance, and crossing fates!
'Our eastern souls have dropp'd their mates
'On Europe's barb'rous lands.

'Happy the youth that finds the bride
'Whose birth is to his own ally'd,
'The sweetest joy of life:
'But oh! the crowd's of wretched souls,
'Fetter'd to minds of diff'rent moulds,
'And chain'd t' eternal strife!"

Thus sang the wond'rous Indian bard;
My soul with vast attention heard;
While Ganges ceas'd to flow:
'Sure then I cried, might I but see
'That gentle nymph that twin'd with me,
'I may be happy too.

'Some courteous angel, tell me where,
'What distant lands this unknown fair,
'Or distant seas detain?
'Swift as the wheel of nature rolls
'I'd fly to meet, and mingle souls,
'And wear the joyful chain"—

SONG XC.

THO' oft we meet severe distress
In vent'ring out to sea,
The dangers of the main seem less
As we to heaven our vows address,
And sing the cheering Rozary.

Our kids that rove the mountains wide,
And bound in harmless glee,
I seek each day, at even tide,
And while their course I homeward guide,
Sing the cheering Rozary.

Or in the deeper ſhades of night
As thro' the woods I flee,
Where gloom and ſilence yield off night
To make my bleating heart ſit light,
I'll ſing the cheering Rozary.

SONG XCI.

I have ſeen the ſmiling of Fortune beguiling,
I've felt all its favours, and found its decay;
Sweet were its bleſſings, and kind its careſſings,
But now they are fled, ay, they're fled far awa;
I have ſeen the foreſt adorned the foremoſt,
With flowers of the faireſt, moſt pleaſant and gay;
See bonny were their blooming, their ſent the air perfuming;
But now they are withered, and weelted awa.
I have ſeen the morning with gold the hills adorning,
And loud tempeſts ſtorming before middle day;
I have ſeem Sweed's ſilver ſtreams ſhining in funney beams,
Grow dimly and dark as it rolled on its way,
Oh, fickle fortune! why this cruel ſporting?
Why thus perplex us, poor ſons of a day?
Nor more thy ſmiles can cheer me, nor more thy frowns can fear me
For the flowers of the foreſt are faded awa.—

SONG XCII.

FAIR Hebe I left, with a cautious deſign
To eſcape from her charms, I to drown them in wine;
I tried it, but found, when I came to depart,
The wine in my head, but ſtill love in my heart

I repeared to my reaſon, entreated her aid,
Who pauſed on my caſe, I each circumſtance weighed,
Then gravely pronounced, in return to prayer,
That Hebe was faireſt of all that were fair.—
That's a truth replied I, I've no need to be taught,
I came for your counſel to find out a fault;
If that's all quoth reaſon, return as you came,
To find fault with Hebe would forfeit my name.
What hopes then, alas! of relief from my pain,
Like lightning ſhe darts thro' each wild throbbing vein;
My ſenſes, ſuprized, in her favour took arms.
And reaſon confirms me a ſlave to her charms.

SONG XCIII.

THE hills were green, the fields were gay,
And birds were ſinging on each ſpray,
When Colin met me in the grove,
And told me tender tales of love!
Was ever ſwain ſo blythe as he,
So kind, ſo faithful, and ſo free!
In ſpite of all my friends could ſay,
Young Colin ſtole my heart away!

When e'er he trips the meads along,
He ſweetly joins the woodlark's ſong;
And, when he dances on the green,
There's none ſo blithe as Colin ſeen:
If he's but by, I nothing fear,
For I alone am all his care;
Then, ſpite of all my friends can ſay,
He's ſtole my tender heart away!

My mother chides me whene'er I roam,
And ſeems ſurpris'd I quit my home;

But she'd not wonder that I rove,
Did she but feel how much I love;
Full well I know the generous swain,
Will never give my bosom pain;
Then, spite of all my friends can say,
He's stole my tender heart away.

SONG XCIV.

FROM the east breaks the morn:
See the sun beams adorn
The wild heath and the mountains so high;
Shrilly opes the staunch pound,
The steed neighs to the sound,
And the floods and the valley's reply.

Hence of noble descent,
Hills and wilds we frequent,
Where the bosom of nature's unveil'd;
Tho' in life's busy day,
Man of man make a prey,
Still let ours be the prey of the field.

With the chace in full sight,
Gods! how great the delight!
How our mortal sensations refine!
Where is care? where is fear?
Like the winds in the rear;
And the man's lost in something divine.

Now to horse, my brave boys;
Lo, each pants for the joys
That anon shall enliven the whole;
Then at eve we'll dismount,
Toils and pleasures recount,
And renew the chace over the bowl.

SONG XCV.

'TWAS down by the green banks of Hudsons north streams,

I heard a ſweet ſoft voice and love was her theme,
While wandering I liſten'd to her vocal ſong,
Her notes were ſo charming my feet ſtole along.

She ſang of the breezes that gently do blow,
Likewiſe of the waters that murmuring flow,
She recounted the lovers that were in the grove,
Who were bleſt by fair Venus the Godeſs of love.

She mention'd the arts that the lovers purſue
And hinted the craft that the nymph's have to uſe,
And while ſhe ſat chanting I enter'd the green,
Bleſt by a duſk Evening I enter'd unſeen.

She ended her ſong, and aroſe to begone,
When by ſomefair willows I wandered along,
I heard her ſoft footſteps ah! leaving the grove,
I cry'd faireſt angel with you I'm in love.

Your voice exceeds muſic love dwells on your tongue,
Thoſe graces ſurround you, you're charming and young,
Theſe pains you have caus'd me are too ſad to tell
Your ſmiles do enliven but your frowns they do kill.

She liſten'd a while and then ſmiling ſaid,
Pray would you delude a poor innocent maid
But if your love is real to church let us go,
We went and are happy, unſpeakably ſo.

SONG XCVI.

CONTENTED all day could I ſet by your ſide,
Where Poplars for ſtretching o'er arch'd the green tide,
And when the clear river runs purling along,
The Lark and the Linnet contend in their ſong.

And while you're but by me no danger I'll fear,
Ye lambs reſt in ſafety my Damon is near;
Bound on ye blythe kids now your gamble may pleaſe,
For my ſhepherd is kind and my heart is at eaſe.

Ye Virgins of America bright rivals of day,
The wiſh of each heart and the theme of each lay;
Ne'er yield to the Swain till he makes you his wife,
For he that loves truly will take you for life.

Ye youths who fear nought but the frowns of the fair,
'Tis yours to relieve and not add to their care,
Then ſcorn to their ruin your aſſiſtance to lend,
Nor betray the ſweet Creatures you're born to defend.

For their honor and truth be our Virgins renoun'd;
Nor falſe to his vows may one ſhepherd be found;
Be their moments all guided by virtue and truth,
To preſerve in their age what they gain'd in their youth.

SONG XCVII

MY eyes may speak pleasure, Tongues flow without measure,
Yet my heart in my bosom lies still.
The River is flowing and the mill clap is going,
But the Miller's a sleep in his Mill.
The Miler, &c.

Though lovers surround me, with speeches confound me.
Yet my heart in my bosom lies still.
The River is flowing and the Mill clap is going,
But the Miller's asleep in his Mill.
But the, &c.

The little God eyes me, and means to surprise me,
Yet my heart is awake in my breast,
Thus boys slyly creeping to catch a bird sleeping,
But the Linnet's awake in his nest.
But the Linnet, &c.

SONG XCVIII.

MY temples with clusters of grapes I'll entwine,
And I'll barter all joys for a goblet of wine,
And I'll barter, &c.
In pursuit of fair Venus no longer I'll run,
But stay and forget her at Baccus's Tun!
At Baccus's Tun, at Baccus's Tun,
But stay and forget, &c.

But why should I strive to relinquish the fair,
'Tis a folly with spirit, like mine to despair,

For what mighty joys to be found in a glaſs,
If not drank to the health of ſome favorite Laſs.

'Tis woman whoſe charms every rapture impart,
And bids a new ſpring to the pulſe of the heart!
The miſer himſelf, ſo ſupreme in his way,
Grows a convert to love and reſigns her his key.

At the ſound of her voice, ſorrow lifts up her head,
And poverty liſtens well pleas'd from her ſhed,
Whilſt old age in extacy, comes hobling along,
Beats time with her crutch, to the tune of her ſong.

Then bring me a goblet, from Bacchus's head,
The largeſt and deepeſt that ſtands on the board,
I'll fill up the brimmer, and toaſt to the fair,
'Tis a thirſt of a Lover, come pledge me who dare.

SONG XCIX.

ADIEU ye Groves. adieu ye plains,
All nature mourning lie!
See gloomy clouds and threatening rains
Obſcure the azure ſky;
See from afar impending ſtorms,
In ſullen haſte appear,
See Winter comes in dreary forms,
To rule the following Year —

No more the Lark ſweet bird of May,
Shall riſe on active wings,
No more the Lamb in ſportive play,
To hail reviving ſpring:

Thus Sephalander much lov'd maid,
Thy early charms ſhall fail,
The lilly droops the roſe muſt fade,
And Winter ſoon prevail.

No more the Lambs in gambolds bound,
Rejoice the gladen'd ſight!
No more the gay inamoured ground,
The ſilvan ſcenes delight;
But Youth my fair ſees no return,
In pleaſing bubbles o'er,
And when its fleeting joys we mourn,
They fall to riſe no more.

Haſte then dear Girls the time improve,
Which youth can ne'er regain,
In bliſsful ſcenes of mutual love,
With ſome diſtinguiſh'd ſwain,
So ſhall life's joy like jocund May,
Part ſmiling and ſerene,
Thus Summer often glides away,
And Winter cloſe the ſcene.

SONG C.

GUARDIAN Angels now protect me,
Send to me the ſwain I love,
Cupid with thy bow direct me,
Aid me all ye powers ABOVE.

Bear him a ſigh, ye gentle breezes,
Tell him I love and I diſpair;
Say 'tis for him I live, 'tis for him I grieve,
Oh! may my ſhepherd prove ſincere.

To ſome lonely grove I'll wander,
Silent as the bird of night;
Near to the brink of yon Meander,
Where firſt my ſhepherd bleſt my ſight.

Witneſs ye groves and falls of water,
Echo repeat the vows he ſwore,

Has he forgot me, has he forsook me,
O! shall I never see him more.

Does he love and yet forsake me,
To admire a nymph more fair,
To the woods I will betake me,
And esteem the happy pair.

Some lonely cave shall be my dwelling,
No more the cares of life pursue,
The *Lark* and *Philomel* alone shall hear me tell,
What makes me bid this world adieu.

Should I wandering chance to meet him,
In some grove or far retreat,
There will I gaze with rapture on him,
And all his broken vows repeat.

Should he turn his eyes upon me,
And in vast language speak his heart,
Then I'd implore him, love and adore him!
Nothing but death our love should part.

SONG CI.

WHY tarries my love, or where does he rove,
My love is long absent from me,
Come hither my dove, I'll write to my love,
And send him a letter by thee.—

To find him swift fly, a letter I'll tye,
Secure to thy leg with a string,
Oh! not to my leg fair lady I beg,
But fasten it under my wing.

Her dove she did deck, she drew o'er his neck,
A bell and a coller so gay,
She ty'd to his wing the scrawl with a string,
Then kiss'd him and sent him away.

It blew and it rain'd, the Pigeon disdain'd,
To seek shelter, undaunted he flew,

'Till wet was his wing, and painful the ſtring,
So heavy the letter it grew.

He flutter'd around, 'till Colin he found,
Then puſh'd on his hand with the prize,
Whoſe heart while he reads with tenderneſs bleeds,
For the pigeon that flutters and dies.

SONG CII.

AS Colonet with Phebe ſat,
Beneath the poplar grove,
The gentle youth with fondeſt truth,
Was telling tales of love;
Dear blooming maid the ſhepherd ſaid,
My tender vows believe,
Thoſe downcaſt eyes and artleſs, ſighs,
Can ne'er thy faith deceive.

Though ſome there are, from far to far,
Delighting wild to rove,
Such change in me you ne'er ſhall ſee,
Thy charms ſecures my love;
Then Phebe now approve my vow,
Thy heart to friendſhip preſs'd,
One ſmile aſſume to grace thy bloom,
And make thy ſhepherd bleſs'd.

A bluſh o'erſpread her cheeks with red,
Which half ſhe turn'd aſide,
With pleaſing woes her boſom glows,
And thus the maid reply'd,
Dear gentle youth I know thy truth,
And all thy heart's to pleaſe,
But ah is this a time for bliſs,
Or themes ſo ſoft as theſe.

When all around we hear no ſound,
But wars terific ſtrains,
The drum commands our armed bands,
And joins the ſturdy ſwains;

Our country's call arouſes all,
That dare be brave and free,
My love ſhall crown that youth alone,
That ſaves himſelf and me.

'Tis done he cry'd from thy dear ſide,
Now quickly I'll be gone;
From love we all to freedom fly,
A ſlave to thoſe alone--
And when I come with laurels home
And all that freedom craves,
To crown my love your ſmiles ſhall prove,
The fair rewards the brave.

SONG CIII.

HAIL America hail! unrival'd in fame,
Thy foes in confuſion turns pale at thy name,
On thy rock-rooted virtue firmly ſeated ſublime,
Below thee break harmleſs the billows of time,
The ſtrip'd flag, ſhall wave ſtill I glory enſue,
And freedom find ever a guardian in you.
Huzza! huzza! huzza for brave America where freedom ſecures,
For a high car of creſt blazon'd glory are yours.

Let Spain boaſt her treaſures that grow in her mines,
And Gallia rejoice in her olives and wines,
In bright ſparkling jewels let India prevail,
With her odours Arabia perfume every gale.
'Tis America alone that can boaſt of a ſoil,
Where the fair fruits of virtue and liberty ſmile.
Huzza! &c.
For the bleſſings of virtue and plenty are yours.

Our boſoms in raptures beat high at thy name,
Thy health is our tranſport our triumph thy fame,
Like our ſires with their ſwords, we'll ſupport thy renown,
What they bo't with their blood we'll defend with our own,
Smile ye Guardians of freedom your brave ſons implore,
That America may flouriſh 'till time be no more.

Huzza! &c.

For the bleſſing of peace and large commerce be yours.

The muſes to thee a glad tribute ſhall pay,
We flouriſh with freedom, with freedom decay,
Our hearts faintly murmur or ſilently ſtand,
Should the ſwords of oppreſſion 'gain wave o'er our land,
Can the Eagle ſoar high can ſhe dart like the wind,
When her files are oppreſs'd or her pinions confin'd.

Huzza! &c.

For a Bowdoin a Lincoln and Adams are yours.

With ſweetneſs and beauty, thy daughters ariſe,
With roſe blooming cheeks and love languiſhing eyes,
Haſte ye graces cries Venus to America repair,
Fit conſorts for Heroes the firſt of the fair:
For to whom ſhould the bleſſings of freedom deſcend,
But the ſons of thoſe ſires who dared freedom defend.

Huzza for brave America where freedom secures,
For a Hancock, Franklin and Washington were yours.

SONG CV.

COME each jovial fellow who loves to be mellow,
Attend unto me and set easy,
One jorum in quiet my lads let us try it,
Dull thinking will make a man crazy,
I am here as a king I laugh drink and sing,
Let no man appear as a stranger,
But shew me the ass that refuses his glass,
And I'll order him hay in a manger.

By ploughing and sowing by reaping and mowing,
Kind nature supplies me with plenty,
I've a celler well stor'd and a plentiful board,
My garden affords every dainty,
I have all things in season, both woodcock and pheason,
I am here as a justice of quorum;
In my cabin's fore end I've a bed for a friend,
A clean fire-side and a jorum.

Was it not for my feeding you would have poor feeding,
You'd surely be starving without me;
I'm always content when I've paid off my rent,
And happy when friends are about me,
Then draw near the table my boys while you're able,
Let's have not a word of complaining,
For the jingling of glasses all music surpasses,
And I long to see bottles a draining.

SONG CV.

MUSIC, how pow'rful is thy charm!
That can the fierceſt rage diſarm,
Calm paſſion in a human breaſt,
And lull ev'n jealouſy to reſt;
With amorous thoughts the ſoul inſpire,
Or kindle up a warlike fire.
So great is muſic's pow'r.

Amphion, with his tuneful lyre,
Could rocks remove and ſtones inſpire:
Command a city to ariſe,
And lofty buildings touch the ſkies;
While ſtones, obedient to his call,
Harmonious mov'd and form'd a wall.

Arion, from his veſſel caſt,
In ſafety o'er the ſeas he paſt,
For, mounted like the ocean's God,
Upon a Dolphin's back he rode,
Whilſt ſhoals of fiſhes flock'd around,
Well pleas'd drank in the charming ſound.

Sad Orpheus, through hell's dreary coaſt,
Was ſeeking for his conſort loſt,
His muſic drew the ghoſts along,
And furies liſten'd to his ſong;
His ſong could Charon's rage diſarm,
And Pluto and his conſort charm.

Inflam'd by muſic ſoldiers fight,
Inſpir'd by muſic poets write;
Muſic can heal the lover's wounds,
And calm fierce rage by gentle ſounds;
Philoſophy attempts in vain,
What muſic can with eaſe attain.
So great is muſic's pow'r.

SONG CVI.

ATTENTION pray give, while of Hobbies I ſing;
For each has his hobby from coblar to king:
On ſome fav'rite hobby we all get a ſtride,
And when we'er once mounted full gallop we ride.
All on hobbies. All on hobbies, All on hobbies,
Gee up, gee O.

Some hobbies are reſtive and hard for to govern,
E en juſt like our wives, they're ſo curſedly ſtubborn;
The hobbies of Scolds are their huſbands to teaze,
And the hobbies of Lawyers are plenty of fees.
All on hobbies, &c.

The Beaux, thoſe ſweet gentlemen's hobbies, good lack!
Is to wear great large poultices ty'd round the neck;
And they think in the ton and the tippy they're dreſt,
If they've breeches that reach from the ancles to cheſt.
All on hobbies, &c.

The hobbies of Sailors when ſafe moor'd in port,
With their wives and their ſweethearts to toy and to ſport,
When our navy's completed, their hobby ſhall be,
To ſhew the whole world that America's free.
All on hobbies, &c.

The hobbies of Soldiers, in time of great wars,
Are breeches and battles, with blood wounds and ſcars;
But in peace you'll obſerve that quite diff'rent the trade is—
The hobbies of Soldiers in peace, are the ladies
All on hobbies, &c

The Ladies, ſweet creatures, yes they nowand then
Get aſtride of their hobbies, ay, juſt like the men;
With ſmiles and with ſimpers beguile us with eaſe,
And we gallop, trot, amble, e'en juſt as they pleaſe.
All on hobbies, &c.

The American's hobby has long ſince been known:
No tyrant or king ſhall from them have a throne;
Their States are united, and let it be ſaid,
Their hobby's Indepenbence, Peace, and Free Trade,
All on hobbies, &c.

SONG CVII.

'TWAS *poſt meridian* half paſt four.
By ſignal I from Nancy parted,
At ſix, ſhe linger'd on the ſhore,
With uplift hands, and broken hearted.
At ſeven, while tightening the foreſtay,
I ſaw her faint, or elſe t was fancy;
At eight we all got under way,
And bade a long adieu to Nancy

Night came and now eight bells had rung,
While careleſs ſailors, ever cheery,
On the midwatch ſo jovial ſung,
With tempeſts labour cannot weary.
I little to their mirth inclin'd,
While tender thoughts ruſh'd on my fancy,
And my warm ſighs increas'd the wind,
Look'd on the moon, and thought of Nancy.

And now arrived that jovial night
When every true-bred tar carouſes;
When, o'er the grog, all hands delight
To toaſt their ſweethearts, and their ſpouſes.
Round went the can, the jeſt, the glee,
While tender wiſhes fill'd each fancy,
And when, in turn, it came to me,
I hear'd a ſigh, and toaſted, *Nancy*.

Next morn, a ſtorm came on at four,
At ſix, the elements, in motion,
And plunged me, and thrice poor ſailors more
Headlong within the foaming ocean.
Poor wretches! they ſoon found their graves,
For me, it may be only fancy,
But love ſeem'd to forbid the waves
To ſnatch me from the arms of Nancy.

Scarce the foul hurricane was clear'd,
Scarce winds and waves had ceas'd to rattle,
When a bold enemy appear'd,
And, dauntleſs, we prepar'd for battle.
And, now while ſome love'd friend or wife,
Like lightning ruſh'd on every fancy,
To Providence I truſted life,
Put up a prayer, and Tho't of Nancy.
At laſt, 'twas in the month of May,
The crew, it being lovely weather,
At three, A. M. diſcovered day,
And England's chalky cliffs together;
At ſeven, up channel how we bore,

While hopes and fears ruſhed on my fancy;
At twelve, I gayly jump'd aſhore,
And to my throbbing heart preſs'd Nancy.

SONG CVIII.

THO Bacchus may boaſt of his care killing bowl,
And folly in tho't drowning revels delight,
Such worſhip, alas! has no charms for the ſoul
When ſofter devotions the ſenſes invite.

To the arrow of fate, or the canker of care,
His portions oblivions a balm may beſtow;
But to fancy, that feeds on the charms of the fair,
The death of reflection's the birth of all woe.

What ſoul, that's poſſeſs'd of a dream ſo divine,
In riot would bid the ſweet viſion be gone;
For the tear that bedews ſenſibility's ſhrine
Is a drop of more worth than all Bacchus's tun.

The tender exceſs, that enamours the heart,
To fear is imparted, to millions denied;
'Tis the brain of the victim that tempers the dart,
And fools jeſt at that for which ſages have died

Each change and exceſs has, thro' life, been my doom,
And well may I ſpeak of its joys, and its ſtrife;
Tho' the bottle may yield us a glimpſe thro' the gloom,
Yet love's the true ſunſhine that gladdens our life.

Then come, roſy Venus, and ſpread o'er my ſight
Thoſe magic illuſions that raviſh the ſoul,
Awake, in my breaſt, the ſoft dream of delight,

And drop, from thy myrtle, one leaf in my bowl.

Then deep will I drink of the nectar divine,
Nor e'er jolly God, from thy banquet remove;
May each tube of my heart ever thruſt for the wine
That's ripened by friendſhip, and mellowed by love.

SONG CIX.

GIVE me wine, roſy wine, that for to deſpair,
Whoſe magical power can baniſh all care;
Of friendſhip the parent, compoſes of ſtrife,
The ſoother of ſorrow, and ſweetner of life;
Let ſchools about happineſs warmly diſpute,
And weary the ſenſe in the phantom purſuit;
In ſpite of their maxims I dare to define,
The grand ſummum bonum's a bumper of wine.

To the coward a warmth it ne'er fails to impart,
And opens the lock of the miſerly heart;
While thus we carouſe it, the wheels of the ſoul
O'er life's rugged highway agreeably roll;
Each thinks of his charmer, who never can cloy,
And fancy rides poſt to the regions of joy.
In ſpite of their maxims, &c.

Tis the balſam ſpecific, that heals every ſore,
The oftner we taſte it we love it the more:
Then he who true happineſs ſeeks to attain
With ſpirit the full flowing bumper muſt drain;
And he who the Courts of fair Venus would know

Undaunted thro' Bacchus's vineyard muſt go.
In ſpite of dull maxims, &c.

SONG. CX.

DEAR Nancy, I've ſailed the world all round,
And ſeven long years been a rover,
To make, for my charmer, each ſhilling a pound
But, now, my hard perils are over.
I've ſav'd, by my toils, many a hundred of gold
The comforts of life to beget.
I've borne in each climate, the heat, and the cold,
And all for my pretty Brunette.
Then ſay my ſweet girl, can you love me?
Tho' others may boaſt of more treaſure than I,
And rate their attractions more ſure,
At their jeers, and ill-nature, I ſcorn to reply,
Can they boaſt of a heart that is true?
Or will they, for you, plough the hazardous main;
Brave the ſeaſons, both ſtormy, and wet?
If not.—why—I'll do it, again, and again,
And all for, &c.

When order'd afar, in purſuit of the foe,
I ſigh'd at the bodings of fancy,
Which fain would perſuade me I ſhould be brought low.
And never, again, ſee my Nancy.
But hope, like an angel, ſoon baniſhed the tho't,
And bade me ſuch trifles forget;
I took her advice, and undauntedly fought,
And all for, &c.

SONG CXI.

ON that lone bank where Lubin died,
Fair Roſalie, a wretched maid,

Sat weeping o'er the cruel tide,
Faithful to her Lubin's ſhade.

Oh! may ſome kind, ſome gentle wave,
Waft him to this mournful ſhore;
Theſe tender hands ſhould make his grave,
And deck his corps with flow'rs o'er.

I'd ever watch his mould'ring clay,
And pray for his eternal reſt;
When time his form has worn away,
His duſt I'd place within my breaſt,

While thus ſhe mourn'd her Lubin loſt,
And echo to her grief reply'd;
Lo! at her feet his corpſe was toſt,
She ſhriek'd—ſhe claſp'd him—ſigh'd, and died.

SONG CXII.

OF Bray the Vicar long I've been,
In many a teſt and trial;
I've ſtood and various changes ſeen,
Yet never proved diſloyal:
For with the crown I always cloſed,
Whatever perſon wore it,
And every oath the State impoſed
I moſt devoutly ſwore it.
And this is what I will maintain,
Until my dying day, Sir
That whatſoever king ſhall reign,
I'll be the vicar of Bray, Sir,

In Charles the ſecond's jovial days,
When loyalty'd no harm in't,
A high flown loyaliſt I was,
And ſo I got preferment.
To teach my flock I never miſs'd
Kings were by God appointed,
And they were damn'd who ſhould reſiſt,

Or touch the Lord's anointed.
And this is what, &c.

When royal James obtain'd the crown,
And popery came in fashion,
The penal laws I voted down,
And read the decklaration.
The church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my constitution,
And had become a jesuit
But for the revolution.
This is what, &c.

When William he was king declar'd
To cure the nation's grievance,
With this new wind about I rear'd,
And swore to him allegiance
Old doctrines then I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance,
Passive obedience was a joke,
A jest was nonresistance,
This is what, &c.

When Anne became our gracious Queen,
The church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen,
So I became a Tory.
Occasional conformist base,
I damn'd all moderation,
And prov'd the church in danger was
From such prevarication,
And this is what, &c.

When George the first to rule came o'er,
And moderate men look'd big, Sir,
I turn'd the cat in the pan once more,
And so became a whig, Sir;
Thus new preferment I procur'd
From that great faith defender,
And almost every day abjur'd
The Pope and the Pretender.
And this is what, &c.

From first to second George secure
The crown has now descended,
And in that righteous title sure
No flaw can be pretended.
So my old coat will serve me still,
With a little alteration,
And he's a rogue that turn it will
When there is no occasion.
And this, &c.

And now the line of Hanover
And protestant succession,
For them I'll preach, I'll pray, and swear,
While they can keep possession,
Thus in my faith and loyalty
No man can say I faulter,
And Frederic perhaps may be
My king, if times don't alter.
And this is what, &c.

SONG LXIII.

TO Anacreon in heaven where he sat in full glee,
A few sons of harmony sent a petition
That he their inspirer, and patron would be,
When this answer returned from the jolly old Grecians,
Voice fiddle and flute, no longer be mute,
I'll lend you my name, and inspire you to boot;—
Besides I'll instruct you, like me, to intwine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

His news through Olympus immediately flew,
When old Thunder pretended to give himself airs;
If these mortals are suffer'd their schemes to pursue,
The devil a Goddess will stay above stairs
Hark! already they cry, in transports of joy

Away to the ſons of Anacreon we'll fly,
And there with good fellows, we'll learn to intwine
The myrtle, &c.

The yellow hair'd God, with his nine fuſty maids,
From helicon's banks will, incontinent, flee,
Idalia will boaſt but of tenantleſs ſhades;
And the bi-forked hill a mere deſart will be;
By thunder, no fear on't, will ſoon do its errand,
And, dam'e I'll ſwinge the ring leaders, I warrant;
I'll trim the young dogs for thus daring to twine"
The myrtle, &c.

Then Apollo roſe up; and ſaid prithee ne'er quarrel,
Good king of the Gods, with my vot'ries below,
Your thunder is uſeleſs; then, ſhewing his laurel,
Cried *ſir evitable fulmen*, you know,
Then over each head my laurel I'll ſpread,
So my ſons from your crackers no miſchief ſhall dread;
While ſnug in their club-room they jovially twine,
The myrtle &c.

Next Momus got up, with his riſible phiz,
And ſwore with Apollo he'd cheerfully join,
"The full tide of harmony ſtill ſhall be his,
But the ſong, and the catch, and the laugh ſhall be mine;
Then Jove be not jealous of theſe honeſt fellows;"
Cries Jove, "we relent, ſince the truth you now tell us,

And swear by old Styx that they long shall intwine"
The myrtle, &c.

Ye sons of Anacreon, then join hand in hand,
And reserve unanimity, friendship, and love,
Tis yours to support what's so happily plann'd.
You've the sanction of Gods, and the fiat of Jove,
While thus we agree, our toast let it be,
May our club flourish happy united, and free;
And long may the sons of Anacreon intwine,
The myrtle, &c.

SONG CXIV.

WERE I to choose the greatest bliss,
That e'er in love was known,
Twould be the highest of my wish,
To enjoy her heart alone.

Kings might possess their kingdoms free,
And crowns unenvied wear;
And should no rival have of me,
Might I reign monarch there.

Hear Cynthia, hear the gentle air,
But whisper out my love:
And prove but half so kind as fair,
My sorrow you'll remove.

Cynthia, Oh! happy let us be,
Unite our hands in love,
I'd change not such felicity
For all the joys above.

SONG CXV.

YOU say, Sir, once a wit * allow'd
A woman to be like a cloud!
Accept a simile as soon,
Between a woman and the moon:

* *Dean Swift*

For, let mankind say what they will,
The sex are heavenly bodies still.
Grant me to mimic human life,
That sun and moon are man and wife:
What e'er kind Sol affords to lend her
Is squander'd upon midnight splendor;
And when to rest he lays him down,
She's up and star'd at through the town!
From him her beauties close confining,
And only in his absence shining:
Or, else, she looks like sullen tapers,
Or, else she's fairly in the vapors;
Or owns at once a wife's ambition,
And fully glares in opposition,
Say, are not these a modish pair,
Where each for other feels no care?
Whole days in sep'rate coaches driving,
Whole nights to keep a sunder striving
But in the dumps in gloomy weather,
And lying once a month together:
In one sole point unlike the case is,
On her own head the horns she places.

SONG CXVI.

THIS world is a stage,
On which mankind engage,
And each acts his part in a throng;
But all is confusion
Mere folly's delusion,
And nothing on earth but a song.

The Parson so grave,
Says your souls he can save,
And teach the right way from the wrong;
After piously teaching,
And long winded preaching,
He fobs off his flock with a Song.

The Lawyer he scribbles
In quirks and in quibbles,

And moves his mellifferous tongue;
'Twixt demur and vacation,
He'll raise expectation,
And sink your estate to a song.

The Doctor he fills
You with bolus and pills,
In assurance that you shall live long!
But, believe me, 'tis true,
He's guineas in view,
And his recipes are nought but a Song.

The Surgeon so bold,
His lancet doth hold,
And slashes your bodies along;
Small wounds he enlarges,
to fill up his charges,
His art like the rest, is a song.

The Merchant is bent
On his fifty per cent.
To whom Ledger and Journal belong:
'Compts current in trading
And long bills of lading;
His balance will end in a song.

The Printer descerning
'Twixt ignorance and learning
The diff'rence that truly belongs;
Yet, sure, it is said,
That his logical head,
Is turn'd by a statesman or song.

The School-master rages,
For want of more wages,
And hurries his schollars along;
He teaches them morals,
And whips those that quarrel,
And silence all day is his song.

The Farmer he brags
Of what crops he shall have,
Provided the season holds long;

But if draught comes on,
His hopes are all gone,
And his crops may be bought for a Song.

The Soldier he prattles
Of ſieges and battles,
And actions he ne'er was among;
His preferment and merit,
Are like to his ſpirit,
And nothing on earth but a Song:

With powder and lace,
And a feminine face,
The Fop he goes ſtrutting along;
Juſt arriv'd from his travels,
Yet nothing unravels,
But juſt like a dance or a Song.

The ſurly old prude,
Complains you are rude,
Tho' for bliſs ſhe ſo ſecretly longs;
But take her aſide,
And you'll manage her pride,
And her virtue bring down to a Song.

The ſilly Coquette,
Is all in a fret,
In the morning her toilet goes wrong;
All day long ſhe paſſes,
Conſulting her glaſſes,
And at night dies away like a Song.

I've often been told,
The Women will ſcold,
Their good-natur'd huſbands among;
They'll work and they'll fret,
And they'll ſcold, and they'll ſweat,
And at night die away like a Song.

Then let us be jolly,
Drive hence melancholy,
While we are good fellows among;

Let's fill up our glaſſes,
Take life as it paſſes,
And each merry ſoul ſing a Song.

SONG CXVII.

'TWAS in the flow'ry month of May,
When Nature blooms on ev'ry ſpray,
And lambkins fondly ſport and play,
To grace the ſilvan ſcene;
That pretty Miſs firſt form'd the plan,
To leave papa and chiding mam;
In chaiſe and four with dear footman,
To trip to Gretna Green.

The youth was form'd with ev'ry grace,
Tall, blooming, gay with lovely face
Sure ne'er before in worſted lace,
Was ſuch a charmer ſeen;
The night ſerene, the coaſt was clear,
When pretty Miſs with loving dear,
Set off with haſte, and full career,
To trip to Gretna Green.

The morning come, and plot is blown,
The cage is open and bird is flown,
But whither, is by no one known,
Lud what a curious ſcene;
Mamma in fits while ancient prig,
In fury tore his powder'd wig,
And with grim paſſion monſtrous big,
Sets off for Gretna Green.

Before old ſquare toes reaches near,
He meets the beau and lovely dear,
Returning back in full career.
From Hymen's flow'ry ſcene;
Stop thief, he cries;—the work is done,
My dear papa, we're coming home,
For we have taſted joys that come
From pleaſant Gretna Green.

SONG CXVIII.

HOW bleſt is a bachelor's life,
Who conſtantly lives at his eaſe;
Never plagu'd by a proud ſcolding wife,
And no quarrelling children to teaſe.
He fears not the frowns of the fair;
He ſcorns the coquette with her art;
For love never fell to his ſhare,
Its pains never tortur'd his heart.

But wedlock, oh, where are thy joys?
That man has perceiv'd in thy ſtate!
A ſcene of vexation and noiſe,
Which thouſands have reaſon to hate,
To me how deteſted the cries
Of children round, aſking for bread;
Till I ſee the poor man adverti ſe,
"That his wife has elop'd from his bed."

Yet ſingle, a man may have bliſs,
If he has but a grain of content;
Though once if he wed to a Miſs.
He will find it too late to repent.
In friendſhip and freedom, and eaſe,
The Bachellor's life rolls away;
For friendſhip and freedom can pleaſe,
When beauty is gone to decay.

Tim Cruſty may tell of his pain,
That his years all unhappily roll;
That ſingle he lives but in vain:
I deſpiſe his complaints from my ſoul.
Poor Cruſty has whin'd for a bride,
His breeches and ſtockings to mend;
When his wants might as well be ſupply'd,
If he had but a maid or a friend.

But the wretch who has never a friend,
Should ſure never marry a maid;
For this would their wretchedneſs blend,
And their griefs be by ſorrow repaid.

Yea children to add to the gloom,
For mark what some clergymen tell,
That infants receive their sad doom
When they die to the dungeons of hell.

Avaunt! superstitious Divine,
If infants to misery go;
You ne'er shall have children of mine,
To sentence to regions of woe.
If man is accurst from his birth,
And you scarce give him doctrines of peace,
Better send fourth a sword on this earth,
And bid population to cease.

To me may no children be born,
Distress and misfortune to share;
But let me relieve the forlorn,
And banish the sight of despair.
The children of sorrow I cheer,
The beggar is often my guest;
They smile and suppress ev'ry tear,
Their gratitude sweetens my rest.

'Tis thus I dispose of my wealth—
My house is an inn for the poor;
I live in contentment and health,
I am happy, I wish for no more.
While I live I will cherish content,
And love the old bachellor's life;
So never I'd need to repent,
Nor wish Betty Wrinkle my wife.

SONG CXIX.

HOW happy is the man,
Who has a quiet home;
Who loves to do what good he can,
And hates the demon, Rum.

Whose house contains enough,
For him and all his folks,

Whoſe wife abhors a box of ſnuff,
And very ſeldom ſmokes.

Whoſe wife knows how to ſpin,
And loves to uſe the needle;
Who keeps herſelf and huſband clean,
But never lov'd a fiddle.

Whoſe wife is like a tree,
That's ever green and fair;
That ever in the bloom will be,
And yet will never bear.

Whoſe wife will riſe in ſeaſon,
Be weather hot or cold;
And always give ſufficient reaſon,
If e'er ſhe chance to ſcold.

This man while others roam,
Among the ſons of ſtrife,
Is always happieſt when at home,
In converſe with his wife.

SONG CXX.

SONGS of ſhepherds in ruſtical roundelays,
Form'd in fancy and whiſtled on reeds,
Sung to ſolace young nymphs upon holidays,
Are too unworthy for wonderful deeds.
Sotiſh Sitenus to Phœbus the genius
Was ſent by dame Venus, a ſong to prepare,
In phraſe nicely coin'd, and verſe quite refin'd,
How the ſtates divine hunted the hare.

Stars quite tir'd with paſt times Olympical,
Stars and planets that beautiful ſhone,
Could no longer endure that men only ſhould
Revel in pleaſures, and they but look on.
Round about horned Lucina they ſwarmed;

And quickly informed her how minded they were,
Each god and goddefs to take human bodies,
As lords and ladies to follow the hare,
Chafte Diana applauded the motion,
And pale Profepina fat down in her place,
To guide the welkin and govern the ocean,
While Dian conducted her nephews in chace.

By her example, their fathers to trample,
The earth old and ample, they foon leave the air:
Neptune the water, and wine Liber pater,
And Mars the flaughter, to follow the hare,
Young god Cupid was mounted on Pegafus,
Borrow'd o' the mufes with kiffes and Prayers;
Stern Alcides upon cloudy Caucafus
Mounted a centaur that proudly him bears.
The poftilion of the fky, light-heeled Sir Mercury,
Made his fwift courfer fly fleet as the air;
While tuneful Apollo, the paft time did follow,
To whoop and to hollow, boys after the hare.
Drowned Narciffus from his metamorphofis
Rous'd by Echo, new manhood did take.
Snoring Sommus upftarted from Cim'ries:
Before for a thoufand years he did not wake.
There was lame club-footed Mulciber booted;
And Pan, too, promoted on Corydons mare.
Æolus flouted: with mirth Momus fhouted;
While wife Pallas pouted, yet follow'd the hare.

Grave Hymen ufhers in lady Aftrea,
The humor took hold of Latona the cold

Ceres the brown, too with bright Cytherea,
And Thetis the wanton, Bellona the bold!
Shamefac'd Aurora, with witty Pandora,
And Maria with Flora did company bear;
But Juno was stated too high to be mated,
Altho', Sir, she hated not hunting the hare.

Three brown bowls of Olympical nectar
The Troy-born boy now presents on his knee;
Jove to Phœbus now carouses in nectar,
And Phœbus to Hermes, and Hermes to me;
Wherewith infused, I piped and mused,
In language unused their sports to declare,
'Till the vast house of Jove like the bright spheres did move,
Here's health, then to all that love hunting the hare.

SONG CXXI.

SAY, say, lovely lass, have you form'd any notion
Of all the rude dangers in crossing the ocean?
When the winds whistle shrilly, ah, won't they remind you,
To sigh with regret, for the grot left behind you?

Oh, no, I could follow, and sail the world over
Nor think of my grot, while I looked on my lover:
The winds that blow round us, your arms for my pillow:
Shall lull us to sleep, while we're rock'd by each billow.

Then say, lovely lass, what if happy is espying
Some rich gallant vessel, with gay colours flying?
I'd journey with thee, love, to where the land narrows,

And throw all my cares at my back, with my arrows.

Oh, say, then, my truelove, we never will sunder,
Nor shrink from the tempest, nor dread the big thunder,
But constant, will laugh at all changes of weather,
And journey all over the world both together.

SONG CXXII.

WHEN gentle peace, and pleasing smiles
Welcom'd the sailor from his toils,
The prize is sold, the wages paid,
The ship is safe in harbor laid,
To Sue he steers with all his store,
I hope from her to part no more.

Said Jim, to Sue, when bullets flew
Around my head, and half the crew
Lay stretch'd on deck, sad sight to see,
I felt no pain, but tho't on thee
But now the cruel wars are o'er
I'm with my Sue to part no more.

Said Sue, to Jim, when thro' the door
The hollow sound of wind did roar,
My tender heart was fraught with woe,
Lest you should to the bottom go,
But now the cruel wars are o er,
I'm with my love to part no more.

Said Jim, to Sue, make no delay,
But to the Church we'll haste away.
The parson, there, with golden, twine
Shall intermix your heart with mine.
In peace and love will live on shore,
There's nought but death shall part us more.

SONG. CXXIII.

WHEN fortune doth frown,
I'll ne'er be caſt down,
Repining wont alter my ſtore;
For a good ſtate of health
Is better than wealth:
And I'll be merry although I am poor.

The ſoldier delights
In blood, wars and fights,
The ſailor too ſails the ſeas o'er:
But this mind I am
I'll keep a fulliſkin,
And I'll be merry although I am poor.

When the ſailors drink wine,
Their lovers repine;
The miſer is fond of his ſtore;
Give the glutton his diſh,
And I what I wiſh.
And I'll be merry although I am poor.

Let ſtateſmen debate
On the affairs of the State;
Let moraliſts frown and look ſour;
Let the world go as 'twill,
I'll drink to my fill;
And I'll be merry although I am poor.

Wine will diſcord aſſuage,
Enliven old age,
Make cheerful and gay at four ſcore:
Give me a full glaſs,
A complying ſweet laſs,
And I'll be merry although I am poor.

Ye benevolent ſouls,
With full flowing bowls,
Who cheerfully add to the ſtore;
Give me but one quart,
Juſt to com fort my heart,

And I'll be merry although I am poor;
And ye drunken sots,
Who call for your pots,
And ever are calling for more;
Only just let me drink,
And I'll make you all think,
That I'll be merry although I am poor.

Wine will its vot'ries save
From death and the grave;
When tipsy we fear death no more;
With a full glass in hand,
Firm as Atlas I'll stand;
And I'll be merry although I am poor.

SONG CXXIV.

'TWAS at the break of day we spy'd
The signal to unmoor,
Which sleepless Caroline descry'd,
Sweet maid, from Gosport shore,
The fresh'ning gale at length arose,
Her heart began to swell,
Nor could cold fear the thought oppose,
Of bidding me farewell!

In open boat, the maid of worth
Soon reach'd our vessel's side,
Soon too she found her William's birth,
But sought me not to chide:
Go, she exclaim'd—for fame's a cause
A female should approve;
For who, that's true to honor's laws,
Is ever false to love!

My heart is loyal, scorns to fear,
Nor will it even fail,
Tho' war's unequal wild career,
Should William's life assail:
Tho' death 'gainst thee exert his sway,
Oh! trust me, but the dart

That woundeth thee will find its way
To Caroline's true heart.

Should conqueſt, in fair form array'd,
Thy loyal efforts crown,
In Goſport will be found a maid,
That lives for thee alone.—
May girls, with hearts ſo firm and true,
To love and glory's cauſe,
Meet the reward they have in view,
The meed of free applauſe.

SONG CXXV.

WHEN Werter fair Charlotte beheld.
As ſhe danc'd with the nymphs on the green,
He thought ev'ry maid ſhe exceel'd.
And he prais'd the ſoft grace of her mien;
But all her accompliſhments known,
Gentle Werter began to adore;
He ſighs for a heart not her own,
And the joys of poor Werter are o'er.

Tho' vows the fair Charlotte engag'd,
As a friend gentle Werter was dear,
Her ſmiles oft his ſorrows aſſuag'd
While pity has dropt a ſoft tear.
Urg'd by love, he grew bold, and ſhe cry'd,
Werter leave me, and ſee me no more;
He ſigh'd—he obey'd—and he dy'd,
Then the ſorrows of Werter deplore.

Ye nymphs, let not Cupid deceive,
Under pity's ſoft garb hide his dart,
Werter's ſorrows are laid in the grave,
While pity ſtill wrings Charlott's heart:
And oft o'er his grave has ſhe cry'd,
While with flow'rets ſhe deck'd it all o'er,
He ſaw me—he lov'd—and he di'd,
Then the ſorrows of Werter deplore.

SONG CXXVI.

WELCOME, welcome' brother debtor,
To this poor but merry place,
Where no bailiff, dun, or ſetter,
Dare to ſhew his frightful face.
But, kind Sir, as you're a ſtranger,
Down your garniſh you muſt lay,
Or your coat will be in danger:
You muſt either ſtrip or pay,

Ne'er repine at your confinement
From your children or your wife:
Wiſdom lies in true refinement,
Through the various ſcenes of life.
Scorn to ſhow the leaſt reſentment,
Though beneath the frowns of fate;
Knaves and beggars find contentment,
Fears and cares attend the great.

Though our creditors are ſpiteful,
And reſtrains our bodies here,
Uſe will make a gaol delightful,
Since there's nothing elſe to fear,
Every iſland's but a priſon,
Strongly guarded by the ſea;
Kings and princes, for that reaſon,
Pris'ners are as well as we.

What was it made great Alexander
Weep at his unfriendly fate?
'Twas becauſe he could not wander
Beyond the world's ſtrong priſon gate.
The world itſelf is ſtrongly bounded
By the heav'ns and ſtars above:
Why ſhould we then be confounded,
Since there's nothing free but love?

SONG CXXVII.

PUSH about the boul, boys,
Here's no time for meaner joys;

Push about the bowl boys,
Here's no time for thinking;
Let us with hearts and hands unite,
To do ourselves the bumper's right,
The business of this happy night
Consists alone in drinking.

Drain the flowing bowl, boys,
Wisdom at the bottom lies;
Drain the flowing bowl, boys,
Drive away all sorrow:
And thus away reflection rude,
All care was made for solitude,
And we'll be sure should vice intrude,
To bid her, Come to-morrow.

He that balks a glass, boys,
Halt his real blifs destroys;
He that balks a glass, boys,
He's a sorry fellow;
For wine with mirth will fill the knave,
And wine will make the coward brave,
And ev'ry poor dejected slave
As free as he is mellow.

Give us each a lass, boys,
One who most our minds employs;
Give us each a lass, boys.
Modest and complying;
One whose mind is fond of blifs,
Who loves to *woed* to *woo* and *kiss*,
And cannot see what harm it is
To save a twain from dying,

Here's to *noble selves*, boys,
Length of days and lasting joys;
Here's to *noble selves* boys,
This toast will bear repeating:
When e'er we bid this house adieu,
We'll drink to all who's sound and true,
So, Here's to you, to you, and you,
'Till our next happy meeting.

SONG. CXXVIII.

A PLAGUE of thoſe muſty old lubbers,
Who tell us to faſt and to think,
And patient fall in with life's rubbers,
With nothing but water to drink:
A cann of good ſtuff had they twigg'd it,
Would have ſet them for pleaſure agog.
And ſpite of the rules,
The rules of the ſchools,
The old fools would have all of'em ſwigg'd it,
And ſwore there was nothing like grog.

My father, when laſt I from Guinea
Return'd with abundance of wealth
Cried—Jack, never be ſuch a ninny
To drink—Says I—here's father, your health.
So I paſs'd round the ſtuff—ſoon he twigg'd it
And I ſet the old codger agog,
And he ſwigg'd and mother ſwig'd,
And ſiſter ſwigg'd and brother ſwigg'd,
And I ſwigg'd, and all of us ſwigg'd it,
And ſwore there was nothing like grog.

One day, when the chaplain was preaching,
Behind him I curiouſly ſlunk,
And, while he our duty was teaching
As how we ſhould never get drunk,
I tip'd him the ſtuff, and he twigg'd it,
Which ſoon ſet his rev'rence agog.
And he ſwigg'd, and Nick ſwigg'd,
And Ben ſwigg'd and Dick ſwigg'd,
And I ſwigg'd, and all of us ſwigg'd it,
And ſwore there was nothing like grog.

Then truſt me there's nothing like drinking
So pleaſant on this ſide the grave;
It keeps the unhappy from thinking,
And makes e'en more valiant the brave,
For me, from the moment I twigg'd it,

The good ſtuff has ſo ſet me agog,
Sick or well, late or early,
Wind foully or fairly,
I've conſtantly ſwigg'd it,
And dam'me there's nothing like grog.

SONG CXXIX.

AT the ſoure of POTOMAC, COLLUMBIA wept;
On the Rock her fair facewas reclin'd,
Her breaſt beat with grief for her WASHINGTON dead;
While his deeds ruſh in crowds on her mind,

On the paſt, while ſhe mourns, ſtill with pride ſhe reflects;
For the fu ure oppreſſed with fears;
His form, in his virtues, ariſes to view,
And the River ſhe ſwells with her tears.

My poſſeſſions did Europe's mad nations invade;
Or with arts did they ſtrive to divide:
Each by turns on the ſeas, did they rob my fair trade;
And ſwear I ſhould fight on their ſide!

While my WASHINGTON's ſhield was held broad o'er my head,
I could ſmile at the force of my foes:
While my WASHINGTON's eye yet remained awake,
I might ſafely indulge my repoſe.

When the ear rending ſcream ſhall tell round to the tribes,
Their Father's great ſpirit is gone,
Aſham'd of his tears, the grim lachem ſhall yell,
Now the Hatchet lies buried too long,

The aſhes are blown from the coals of revenge,
The Tomahawk ſhakes in their hand;
Ah! the cries of my infants already I hear,
And ſorrows ſob round all my land.

Fell diſcord, ſhe there too erecting her head!
The ſnakes how they hiſs in her hair!
While my WASHINGTON liv'd I had nothing to dread;
But he's gone and I'm whelm'd in deſpair,

The wavebeaten rocks on the ſcalaſhed coaſt,
Reſponded the throbs of her breaſt;
While the winds, as they rumble her moan on the wood,
Bore her ſighs, and ſeem'd like her, diſtreſt.

Her tears were beheld from the bliſsful abodes,
And myriads deſcended in air;
But COLLUMBUS alone could have leave to be ſeen
And thus mild he accoſted the fair.

My Collumbia rejoice, let no fear caſt a gloom,
On a deſtiny happy as thine:
To ſpirits aſſign'd are the empires of earth,
And thou, dear Collumbia, art mine,

For a criſis foreſeen I thy WASHINGTON ſent,
Him to earth for a while I confin'd;
His miſſion performed, he claim'd his releaſe,
For celeſtial highborn was his mind.

To thy ſons in all ages his luminous courſe,
Has trac'd the true pathway to fame;
Like ſtars ſhall they deck thee with brilliance ſublime,
Set on fire at great WASHINGTON's name.

If his virtues and wiſdom cou'd guard thee ſo well,

While human and cloged with clay;
Abundant protection he now can afford;
Then to him I resign thee this day.

SONG CXXX.

JOHN Bull for pastime took a prance
Some time ago to peep at France,
To talk of sciences and arts, and knowledge
gain'd in foreign parts.
Monsieur obsequeous heard him speak
And answered John in heathen greek,
To all he ask'd 'bout all he saw
To all he ask'd? 'bout all he saw
'Twas Monsieur Je vous n'entends pas.

John to the Palais royal come:
Its splendor almost struck him dumb;
I say whose house is that there here
Nosse. Je vous n'entends pas Monsieur.
What Nong tong paw again cries John,
This fellow is some mighty Don.
No doubt h'as plenty for the maw
I'll breakfast with this Nong tong paw.

John saw Versailles from Marlis height
And cried, astonished at the sight;
Whose fine estate is that there here.
Stat. Je vous n'entends pas Monsieur;
Nis what the land and houses too.
The fellow's richer than a jew;
On every thing he lays his claw;
I should like to dine with Nong tong paw.

Next tripping came a courtly fair;
John cried, enchanted with her air,
What lovely wentch is that there here.
Ventch. Je vous n entends pas Monsieur.
What he again, upon my life;
A Palace, lands, and then a wife.
Sir Joshua might delight to draw:
I should like to sup with Nong tong paw.

But hold whose funeral's that cries John.
Je vous n'entends pas: what is he gone.
Wealth, fame, and beauty could not save;
Poor Nong tong paw, then from the grave:
His race is run, his game is up,
I'd with him breakfast, dine, and sup;
But since he chuses to withdraw,
Good night t'ye Mounsieur Nong tong paw.

SONG CXXXI.

DEAR Tom this brown jug which foams, with mild ale,
In which we will toast the sweet Nan of the vale;
Was once Toby Fillpot a thirsty old soul
As e'er drank a bottle or fathom'd a bowl:
In Baccus's court 'twas his joy to excell,
And among jolly topers he bore off the bell.

It chanc'd as in dog-days he loll'd at his ease,
In a flower-woven arbor as gay as you please;
With his friend and his pipe puffing sorrow away,
And with royal old stingo was soaking his clay.
His breath-door of life on a sudden was shut,
And he died full as big as a Dorcetshire butt.

His body when long in the ground it had lain,
And time into clay had desolv'd it again!
A potter found out in its covert so sung,
And with part of old Toby he form'd this brown jug:
How sacred to friendship to mirth and mild ale,
Here's a health to lovely sweet Nan of the Vale.

SONG CXXXII.

WHEN France with huge pride, 'cross the atlantic did stride,
And war with America wag'd;

First demanded each ship, should carry a strip
Of paper call'd Role de Equipage.

This insult to resent, our belov'd President;
Gave orders as manly as Sage:
That America's sons should be known by their guns,
And these be their Role de Equipage.

When this order was heard, the ship Maria prepar'd,
Well arm'd Cytoyen to engage,
She had twenty-five men, and of nine pounders ten,
Which the sailors call'd Role de Equipage.

Then from Boston we steer'd, 'till Cape Spartel appear'd,
And that country where once was Carthage,
And as we drew nigh, where these French rascals ply,
Got in order our Role de Equipage.

'Twas near Malaga Bay, four privateers lay,
Which came out with our ship to engage,
We receiv'd them so warm, as to do them some harm
With our American Role de Equipage.

One ventur'd so near, that our Role made him shear,
Cytoyen turn'd tail too, in a rage,
He cry'd Oh! Pardie—me never did see,
One such terrible Role de Equipage.

SONG CXXXIII.

HOW brim full of nothing's the lift of a beau
They've nothing to think of for nothing they do,
And nothing to talk of, for nothing they know,

Such, ſuch is the life of a beau,
Such, &c.

For nothing they riſe but to draw the freſh air,
Spend the morning in nothing but curling their hair;
And do nothing all day but ſigh, ſaunter and ſtare,
Such, ſuch is the life of a beau,
Such, &c.

For nothing at night to the play-houſe they crowd,
To mind nothing done there they are always too proud,
But to bow and to grin, and to ſay nothing loud,
Such, ſuch is the life of a beau,
Such, &c.

For nothing they run to aſſembly and ball,
For nothing at cards a fair partner they call;
For they ſtill muſt be haſted who're nothing at all,
Such, ſuch is the life of a beau,
Such, &c.

For nothing on Sunday's at church they appear,
They've nothing to hope for and nothing to fear,
They can be nothing no where, who nothing are here;
Such, ſuch is the life of a beau,
Such, &c.

SONG CXXXIV.

SPANKING Jack was ſo comely, ſo pleſant, ſo jolly,
Though wind blew great guns ſtill he'd whiſtle and ſing.

Jack lov'd his friend and was true to his Molly,
And if honor gives gretneſs was great as a king.
One night as we drove with two reefs in the main-ſail,
And the ſcud came on low'ring upon a lee ſhore,
Jack went up aloft for to hand the top ga'en ſail,
A ſpray waſh'd him off and we ne'er ſaw him more!
But grieving's a folly,
Come let us be Jolly.
If we've troubles at ſea, boys,
We've pleaſures aſhore.

Whiſtling Tom ſtill of miſchief or fun in the middle,
Through life in all weathers at random would jog,
He'd dance and he'd ſing, and he'd play on the fiddle,
And ſwig with an air his allowance of grog,
Long ſide of a don in the terrible Frigate
As yard arm and yard arm we lay off the ſhore,
In and out whiſtling Tom did ſo caper and jig it,
That his head was ſhot off and we ne'er ſaw him more:
But, &c,

Bonny Ben was to each Jolly meſſmate a brother,
He was manly and honeſt, good natured, and free,
If ever one tar was more true than another
To his friend and his duty, that ſailor was he!
One day with the David to heave the kedge anchor,
Ben went in a boat on a bold craggy ſhore,
He over board tipt, when a ſhark and a ſpanker,

Soon nipt him in two, and we ne'er saw him more!
But, &c.

But what of it all, lads shall we be down hearted
Because that may hap we now take our last sup:
Life's cable must one day or other be parted,
And death in fast mooring will bring us all up:
But 'tis always the way on't, one scarce finds a brother
Fond as pitch, honest, hearty and true to the core,
But by battle, or storm, or same bad thing or other.
He's popp'd off the hooks, and we ne'er see him more!
But, &c.

SONG CXXXV.

DISBANDING OF THE ARMY.

BRAVE boys have you heard of the news,
It is talk'd of by land and by sea;
That guns are to be no us'd,
And we are discharged to be.
Tol de rol lol, &c.

Says the Colonel, O, what shall I do,
I know not what course for to take,
Says the Major, I cannot tell you,
For my heart is just ready to break:

Says the Captain, I'll away to my wife,
My children I think I hear cry:
Says the Lieutenant, I'll away to my w——e,
For the d——l of a wife have I.

Says the Ensign, I'll go to my work,
I'd better do that than do worse,

Says the Sergent, I'll go a highwaying :—
G—d d——n you, deliver your purſe.

Says the Corporal I'll get me a pole,
I'll ſtick a long ſpike in the end,
I'll go thump, thump, at every door,
And cry old kettles to mend.
Tol de rol lol, &c.

Says the Drummer I've drum'd many years,
I've drum'd both by land and by ſea,
And now the wars are all over,
The d——l may drum for all me.

Says the Cook, I'll away to the fair,
And there I will ſell off my fat,
Says the Soldier if I catch you there,
I'm d——d if I don't whip you for that.

SONG CXXXVI.

ANACREON they ſay was a jolly old blade,
A Grecian choice ſpirit, and poet by trade,
To Venus and Bacchus he tun'd up his lays,
For love and a bumper he ſung all his days.

He laugh'd as he quaff'd ſtill the juice of the vine,
And though he was humane, was look'd on divine :
At the feaſt of good humor he alway was there,
And his fancy and ſonnets ſtill baniſhed all care

Good wine boys ſays he is the liquor of Jove,
'Tis our comfort below and their nectar above;
Then while round the table the bumper we paſs,
Let the toaſt be to Venus and each ſmiling laſs.

Apollo may torment his cat-gut and wire,
Yet Bacchus and beauty the theme moſt inſpire;
Or elſe all this humming and ſtrumming is vain,
The true joys of heaven he'd never obtain.

To love and be lov'd how tranſporting the bliſs,
While the heart chearing glaſs gives a zeal to each kiſs,
With Bacchus and Venus I'll ever combine,
For drinking and kiſſing are pleaſures divine.

As ſons of Anacreon then let us be gay,
With drinking and love paſs the moments away,
With wine and with beauty let's fillup the ſpan,
For that's the beſt method, deny it who can.

SONG CXXXVII.

WHEN beating rains and pinching winds,
At night attack the lab'ring hinds,
And caus'd them to retire:
How ſweet they paſs their time away,
In ſober talk and ruſtick play;
Beſide the ſocial fire,
Beſide, &c.
There many a plantive tale is told,
Of thoſe who linger in the cold:
With ſighs and groans expire;
The mournful ſtory ſtrikes the ear,
They heave a ſigh and drop a tear,
And bleſs their ſocial fire,
And bleſs &c.

The legendary tale comes next
With many an artful phraſe perplext,
Which well the tongue might tire;
The windows ſhake, the ſhutters crack,
Each thinks a ghoſt behind his back,
And hitches to the fire,
And hitches, &c.

And now perhaps ſome humble ſwain,
Who fann'd the lover's flame in vain:
With ſighs and groans expire:
Relates each ſtratagem he play'd,
To win the coy diſdainful maid,

And eyes the ſocial fire,
And eyes, &c.

To this ſucceeds a jocund ſong,
From lungs leſs muſical than ſtrong,
And all to mirth aſpire;
The humble roof returns the ſound,
The ſocial can goes briſkly round;
And brighter burns the fire,
And brighter, &c.

Grant me kind Heaven a ſtate like this,
When ſimple ignorance is bliſs,
'Tis all that I require:
And then to crown the joys of life,
I'll ſeek a kind indulgent wife,
To bleſs the ſocial fire,
To bleſs, &c.

SONG CXXXVIII.

THERE liv'd, as Fame reports, in days of yore,
At leaſt ſome fifty years ago, or more:
A pleaſant wight on town, 'yclep'd Tom King,
A fellow that was clever at a joke,
Expert in all the arts to teaze and ſmoke;
In ſhort for ſtrokes of humor, quite the thing.

To many a jovial club this King was knowu,
With whom his active wit unrivall'd ſhone;
Choice ſpirit, grave Free Maſon, buck and blood,
Would croud his ſtories and bonmots to hear
And none a diſappointment e're could fear;
His humor flow'd in ſuch a copious flood.

To him a frolic was a high delight,
A frolic he would hunt for day and night;
Careleſs how prudence on the ſpot might frown,

E'er a pleaſant miſchief ſprang to view,
At once o'er hedge and ditch away he flew ;
Nor left the game 'till he had run it down.

One night our hero, ramb'ling with a friend,
Near fam'd St Giles's chanc'd his courſe to bend ;
Juſt at that ſpot the ſeven dials light,
'Twas ſilence all around, and clear the coaſt,
The watch, as uſual, doaſing on his poſt ;
And ſcarce a lamp diſplay'd a twinkling light.

Around this place there liv'd the num'rous clans,
Of honeſt, plodding, foreign Artizans :
Known at that time by name of Refugees,
The rod of perſecution from their home,
Compell'd the inoffenſive race to roam ;
And here they lighted, like a ſwarm of Bees,

Well ! our two friends were ſaunt'ring thro' the ſtreet,
In hopes ſome food for humor ſoon to meet ;
When in a window near, a light they view,
And tho' a dim and melancholy ray,
It ſeem'd the prologue to ſome merry play ;
So tow'rds the gloomy dome our hero drew.

Strait at the door he gave a thund'ring knock,
(The time we may ſuppoſe near two o'clock ;)
"I'll aſk" ſays King, "if Thompſon lodges here,"
"Thompſon" cries t'other, "who the devil's he,"
"I know not" King replies, "but want to ſee
"What kind of animal will now appear."

After ſome time a little Frenchman came,
One hand diſplay'd a ruſh-light's trembling flame ;
The other held a thing they call Culotte,
An old ſtrip'd woolen night-cap grac'd his head,

A tatter'd waiſcoat o'er one ſhoulder ſpread;
Scarce half awake he heav'd a yawning note.
Though thus untimely rous'd, he courteous ſmil'd,
And ſoon addreſſ'd our wag in accents mild;
Bending his head politely to his knee,
"Pray. Sare, vat vant you, dat you come ſo late?
"I beg your pardom Sare, to make you vate!
"Pray, tell me, Sare, vat your commands vid me?
"Sir, reply'd King, "I merely thought to know,
"As by your houſe I chanc'd to-night to go;
"But, really, I deſturb'd your ſleep, I fear—
"I ſay, I thought that you perhaps could tell,
"Among the folks who in this ſtreet may dwell;
"If there's a Mr. Thompſon lodges here?"
The ſhiv'ring Frenchman, though not pleas'd to find.
The buſineſs of this unimportant kind;
Too ſimple to ſuſpect 'twas meant in jeer,
Shrug'd out a ſigh that thus his reſt ſhould break,
Then with unalter'd courteſy, he ſpake;
"No Sare, no Monſieur Tonſon lodges here."
Our wag begg'd pardon, and tow'rds home he ſped,
While the poor Frenchman crawl'd again to bed;
But King reſolv'd not thus to drop the jeſt,
So the next night, with more of Whim than grace,
Again he made a viſit to the place;
To break, once more the poor old Frenchman's reſt.
He knock'd—but waited longer than before,

No footstep seem'd approaching to the door,
Our Frenchman lay in such a sleep profound,
King with the knocker thunder'd then again,
Firm on his post determin'd to remain;
And oft indeed he made the door resound.

At last King hears him o'er the passage creep,
Wond'ring what fiend again disturb'd his sleep;
The wag salutes him with a civil leer,
Thus drawling out to heighten the surprise,
(While the poor Frenchman rubb'd his heavy eyes;)
"Is there a Mr. Thompson lodges.

The Frenchman faulter'd, with a kind of
'Vy, Sare, I'm sure I tell you Sare, last n.
(And here he labor'd with a sigh sincere)
'No Monsier Tonson in de varld I know,
'No Monsieur Tonson here—I toll you so;
"Indeed Sare, dere no Monsieur Tonson here."

Some more excuses tender'd, off King goes,
And the old Frenchman sought once more repose;
The rogue next night pursu'd his odd career,
Twas long indeed before the man came nigh,
And then he utter'd in a piteous cry,
"Sare, 'pon my soul no Monsieur Tonson here."

Our sportive wight his usual visit paid,
And the next night came forth a prattling maid,
Whose tongue, indeed than any jack went faster—
Anxious she strove his errand to enquire:
He said "'twas vain her pretty tongue to tire,
"He should not stir 'till he had seen her master."

The damsel then began in doleful state,
The Frenchman's broken slumber to relate,
And begg'd he'd call at proper time of day:

King told her she must fetch her master down
A chaise was ready, he was leaving town,
But first had much of deep concern to say.

Thus urg'd, she went the snoring man to call,
And long indeed was she oblig'd to bawl;
Ere she could rouse the torpid lump of clay,
At last he wakes, he rises, and he swears,
But scarcely had he totter'd down the stairs,
When King attacked him in the usual way.

The Frenchman now perceiv'd 'twas all in va
To this tormentor mildly to complain,
And strait in rage began his creft to rear—
"Sare vat the devil make you treat me so?
"Sare, I inform you, Sare, tree nights ago,
"Cot tam, I swear no Monf. Tonson here.

True as the night King went, and heard a strif
Between the harrass'd Frenchman and his wif
Which should descend to chase the fiend
way,
At length to join their forces they agree,
And strait impetuously they turn the key,
Prepar'd with mutual fury for the fray.

Our hero, with the firmness of a rock,
Collected to receive the mighty shock,
Uttering the old enquiry, calmly stood!
The name of Thompson rais'd the storm
high,
He deem'd it then the safest plan to fly,
With—"well, I'll call when you're in ger
ler mood."

In short our hero, with the same intent,
Full many a night to plague the Frenchm
went;
So fond of mischief was this wicked wit:
They threw out water, for the watch they ca
But King expected, still escape them all,
Monsieur at last was forc'd his house to qu

It happen'd that our wag about this time,
On some fair prospect sought the Eastern clime;
Six ling'ring years were there his tedious lot,
At length content, amid his rip'ning store,
He treads again on Britain's happy shore,
And his long absence is at once forgot.

To London, with impatient hope he flies,
And the same night, as former freaks arise,
He fain must stroll the well-known haunt to trace,
"Ah! here's the scence of frequent mirth," he said:
"My poor old Frenchman, I suppose is dead;
"Egad! I'll knock, and see who holds his place."
With rapid strokes he makes the mansion roar
And while he eager eyes the op'ning door,
Lo! who obeys the knocker's rattling peal!
Why e'en our little Frenchman, strange to say,
He took his old abode that very day:
Capricious turn of sportive fortune's wheel!

Without one thought of the relentless foe,
Who, fiend like, haunted him so long ago;
Just in his former trim he now appears;
The waistcoat and the night-cap seem'd the same,
With rush-light as before he creeping came,
And King's detested voice astonish'd hears.
As if some hideous spectre struck his sight,
His senses seem'd bewilder'd with affright;
His face, indeed, bespoke a heart full sore,
Then staring, he exclami'd, in rueful strain,
"Begar! here's Mons. Tonson come again."
Away he ran—*and ne'er was heard of more.*

SONG CXXXIX.

WHAT sadness reigns over these plains,
How droops the sweet flowers around;
How pensive each Nymph and each Swain,
How Joyless each musical sound.
No more the soft flute in the bower,
Beguile the cold evening away
Sad sighs measures out each long hour,
Since my Damond has wondred away.

Ah! he was our Villages pride.
But now from our presence he's flewn,
T'was he that our music supplí'd,
When so merrily we danc'd o'er the green.
At shearings, at wakes and at farces,
How Jovial and merry were we;
But now every feast in the year,
Is as Joyless as Joyless can be.

Ah now to America he's gone,
And quit all those innocent plains
Where nothing but slaughter and blood,
Can be the reward of his pains,
May those that betray'd him to go,
I wish they may fall for the same
They made him a soldier you know,
And for this I am rob'd of my swain.

Oh: why did he wander from home,
To mix among hostile alarms—
No Justice oblig'd him to go,
Or take up these terrible arms.
May those that are cruel and rough,
That's regardless of life and of limb,
Our King has got Soldiers enough,
And needs none so genteel as him.

Where e'er my adventurer goes,
By land or the dangerous main,
Kind heavens protect him from harm

And send him to Celia again,
Oh! send him to Celia once more
My true love in peace do restore:
I'd cease on his breast to complain,
From my arms he should wander no more.

Kind heavens send peace to this land,
And peace to America restore,
May Great Britain Join heart in hand,
And then we should languish no more,
Then husbands would come to their wives,
And children to their Parents again,
It would save many thousands of lives,
And I should enjoy my young Swain.

SONG CXL.

YE Sons of Columbia who Despots Disdain,
The Rights of our Country we'll ever maintain,
From Foreign Dominion we'll ever be free,
While the sea rolls its waves or the earth bears a tree.

For the angel of peace descended and swore,
Our Freedom should flourish till time be no more.

When the clangor of Trumpet is heard from afar,
And the signal is given to engage in war,
Weel repair to the field, and bravely oppose
All hostile commotions, and conquer our foes.

And a voice as of thunder shall fly to each shore,
That Freedom shall Flourish till time be no more.

No sword drawn against us shall ever be blest
Nor traitor nor tyrant among us shall rest,
Go tell them, ye brave, go tell them from me;

We ſpurn at all bondage and dare to be free.
For the angel, &c.

Should Columbian heroes their power diſplay,
The earth ſhould ſubmit and the Ocean obey,
All nations would bow to our alters and ſwear
That Columbia's valor is preſent in war.
That the Angel, &c.

Let Frenchmen beware who are plotting our ruin,
The ſword of deſtruction ſhall boldly perſue them,
Shall ſearch them all out wherever they be
And evince to the world that America's free.
That the Angel, &c.

Let love of our Cuntry unite in the Cauſe
Of freedom and Juſtice with revrence for laws,
On the Pinions of Peace did Waſhington ariſe
To fame and renown in the Realms of the ſkyes.
Where the Angel, &c.

SONG CXLI.

YOU aſk why I thus droop my head,
Why penſive and ſad I deplore!
All joy from poor Anna is fled,
My William, alas! is no more:
Theſe eyes dim and mournful appear,
Which from his all their luſtre did borrow
I muſt pauſe o'er my tale—drop a tear,
For, alas! 'tis a ſtory of ſorrow.

I ſtood on the beach, while in view
The bark toſs'd that brought him from far
The rain beat, the wind fiercely blew,
The elements ſeem'd all at war:
On a rock (the dire thought bids me weep)
His ſhip ſpilt—no aid could they borrow;

He immerg'd in the watery deep,
Full, alas! is my ſtory of ſorrow.

Diſtracted! but prayers could I give,
As he daſh'd the big billows aſide,
Hope faintly breath'd forth, "he'd ſurvive."
But, fatigu'd, he ſunk breathleſs—and dy'd;
Depriv'd of my love I complain,
His bride ſhould have been on the morrow,
But I'll plunge in the unfated main,
And cure a heart burſting with ſorrow.

SONG CXLII.

THE women all tell me I'm falſe to my laſs;
That I quit my poor Chloe; and ſtick to my glaſs:
But to you man of reaſon, my reaſons I'll own;
And if you don't like them, why let them alone.

Although I have left her the truth I'll declare,
I believe ſhe was good, and I'm ſure ſhe was fair;
But ſuch goodneſs and charms in a bumper I ſee,
That makes it as good and as charming as ſhe.

My Chloe had dimples and ſmiles I muſt own;
But though ſhe could ſmile yet in truth ſhe could frown:
But tell me, ye lovers of liquors divine
Did you e'er ſee a frown in a bumper of wine?

Her lillies and roſes were juſt in their prime;
Yet lillies and roſes are conquer'd by time:
But in wine from its age ſuch a benefit flows
That I like it the better the older it grow.

They tell me my love would in time have been cloy'd,
And that beauty's inſipid when once 'tis enjoy'd;

But in wine, I both time and enjoyment defy,
For the longer I drink the more thirſty am I.

Let murders, and battles, and hiſtory prove,
The miſchiefs that wait upon rivals in love;
But in drinking, thank Heav'n, no rival contends;
For the more we love liquor, the more we are friends.

She too might have poiſon'd the joys of my life,
With nurſes, and babies, and ſqualling, and ſtrife;
But my wine neither nurſes nor babies can bring,
And a big belly'd bottle's a mighty good thing,
We ſhorten our days when with love we engage;
It brings on diſeaſes, and haſtens old age:
But wine from grim death can its votaries ſave,
And keep out t'other leg when there's one in the grave.
Perhaps, like her ſex ever falſe to their word,
She had left me—to get an eſtate or a lord;
But my bumper, regarding nor titles nor pelf,
Will ſtand by me when I can't ſtand by myſelf

Then let my dear Chloe no longer complain,
She's rid of her lover and I of my pain;
For in wine, mighty wine, many comforts I ſpy—
Should you doubt what I ſay, take a bumper and try.

SONG CXLIII.

I'LL tell you of a ſoldier, who lately came from war,
Who courted a lady of honor, rich and fair;
Her fortune was ſo great, that it ſcarcely could be told,

But yet, she lov'd the soldier, because he was so bold.

She said, my dearest jewel, I would feign be your wife,
But my dadda is so cruel, I fear he'll end my life;
He took his sword and pistols, and hung them by his side.
And swore that he would marry her, whatever might betide.
When they had been to church, and returning home again,
Her old dadda met them, with seven armed men;
O dear, said the lady, I fear we shall be slain,
Fear nothing, my charmer, the soldier said again.

The old man to his daughter with a great frown did say,
Is this your behavior to me this very day.
Since you have been so silly, as to be a soldiers wife,
Here in this lonesome valley, I'll end your pleasant life.

And then spake up the soldier, I do not like this prattle,
Altho I am Bridegroom, and unprepar'd for battle;
He snatch'd his sword and pistols, and made them all to rattle,
And the lady held the horse, while the soldier fought the battle.

The first man he came to, he quickly had him slain,
The next man he came to, he ran him thro amain;
Lets flee, cry'd the rest, for we soon shall all be slain,

To fight with this brave ſoldier, is altogether vain.

Pray, ſtay your hand, the old man cry'd, you make my blood run cold,
I'll give you with my daughter, five thouſand pounds in gold;
Fight on, ſaid the lady, my portion is too ſmall,
O, ſtay your hand, dear ſoldier, and you ſhall have it all:

He took the ſoldier home, and acknowledg'd him his heir,
Twas not becauſe he lov'd him, but 'twas for dread and fear;
There never is a ſoldier, who's fit to carry a gun,
Will ever flinch, or ſtart an inch, till the battle he has won.

SONG CXLIV.

CHEER up your hearts young men, let nothing fright you,
Be of a gallant mind, let that delight you;
Let not your courage fail till after trial,
Nor let your fancy move at th' firſt denial.

I went to ſee my love only to woo her
I went to gain her love, not to undo her;
When e'er I ſpake a word my tongue did quiver,
I could not ſpeak my mind while I was with her.

Love here's a diamond ring, long time I've kept it,
Tis for your ſake alone, if you'll accept it;
When you the poſy read think on the giver—
Madam, remember me, undone forever.

Brave Wolf, then took his leave of his dear jewel,

Moſt ſorely did ſhe grieve, ſaying don't be cruel;
Said he, 'tis for a ſpace that I muſt leave you,
Yet love, Where'er I go, I'll not forget you.

So then this gallant youth did croſs the ocean,
To free America from her invaſion;
He landed at Quebec with all his party,
The city to attack, both brave and hearty.
Brave Wolfe drew up his men in form moſt pretty,
On the plains of Abraham, before the city;
There juſt before the town the French did meet them,
With double numbers they reſolv'd to beat them.

When drawn up in a line, for death prepared,
While in each other's face their armies ſtared;
So pleaſantly brave Wolf and Montcalm talked,
So martially between their armies walked.

Each man then took his poſt at his retire,
So then theſe numerous hoſts began to fire:—
The cannon on each ſide did roar like thunder,
And youths in all their pride were torn aſunder.

The drums did loudly beat, colors were flying,
The purple gore did ſtream and men lay dying—
When ſhot from off his horſe fell this brave hero,
And we lament his loſs in weeds of ſorrow.

The French began to break, their ranks were flying,
Brave Wolfe then ſeem'd to wake as he lay dying;
He lifted up his head while guns did rattle,
And to his army ſaid, how goes the battle?

His aid-de camp repli'd 'tis in our favor,
Quebec with all her pride, we ſoon ſhall have her;

She'll fall into our hands, with all her treasure;
O then reply'd brave Wolfe, I die with plea-
sure.

He clos'd his eyes with joy on human glory,
And left these earthly toys so transitory;
Brave Wolfe is now enroll'd the first of heroes,
And joins a host of those who feel no sorrows.

SONG CXLV.

AS down in cupid's garden,
With pleasure I did walk,
I met two pretty lovers,
In private they did talk;
It was a brisk young lady,
And a young 'Prentice boy,
In private; she was telling him,
That he was all her joy.

Her cheeks were like the roses,
Her humor was so free,
She says, if e'er I marry love,
It shall be unto thee;
He says, dear honor'd lady,
I am a 'prentice boy,
How can I ever think that I
A lady shall enjoy?

As soon as her dear parents
This thing did understand,
They had this young man banish'd
Into a foreign land;
While she lay broken hearted,
Lamenting she did cry,
It's for my charming 'prentice boy,
A maid I'll live and die.

He unto a rich merchant
A waiting man became,
And by his good behavior,
He got him a good name;

He soon became his butler,
Which did increase his fame,
And by his faithful service, he
His steward soon became.

For fortune, in the lottery,
His money he put down,
And thus he won a noble prize,
Worth twenty thousand pounds;
And then with gold and silver,
His clothes he laid indeed,
To England he returned home
To his true love with speed;

He offer'd kind embraces,
But she flew from his arms,
No lords nor dukes in laces,
Shall e'er enjoy my charms;
I do despise all pow'rful gold,
And riches I defy,
It's for my charming 'prentice boy,
A maid I'll live and die.

He says, dear honor'd lady,
I have been in your arms,
Here is the ring you gave me,
When doating on your charms,
You said if e'er you married,
Your charms I should enjoy,
Your parents they did banish me,
I am the 'prentice boy.

When viewing of his features,
She flew into his arms,
They had a happy meeting,
Kissing each others charms,
And then in cupids garden,
The road to church they found,
In pure and lasting pleasures, they
In golden chains were bound.

SONG CXLVI.

THE ſun ſets at night, and the ſtars ſhun the day,
But glory remains. when the light fades away,
Begin ye tormentors your threats are in vain,
For the ſon of Alnomook ſhall never complain.

Remember Alnomook, our great warrior chief,
When your nation he conquer'd, he ſtill gave relief,
Undaunted as death here, I now do remain,
For the ſon of Alnomook ſhall never complain.

The blood of my father in battle was ſhed;
Five chiefs of renown by his arrows lay dead;
He fell by the ſide of a dark rolling ſtream,
And the vallies reſound with the ſong of his fame.
Like a tyger, undaunted he ruſh'd to the war;
Like the thunder he ſtruck, and ſpread terror afar.
As the pleaſures of love, and the ſpring of the year.
So pain, to the rage of Alnomook, is dear.

How ſweet is the ſleep in the night of the grave;
How dear is revenge to the ſoul of the brave;
O'er his aſhes, myſelf, for Alnomook I tore,
And ſprinkled the mantle of earth with my gore.

Remember the arrows he ſhot from his bow,
Remember your chief, by his hatchet, laid low.
Why ſo ſlow, do you wait till I ſhrink from my pain?
Know the ſon of Alnomook ſhall never complain.

Remember the wood, where in ambuſh we lay,

And the ſcalps which we bore from your nation away.
Now the flame riſes high, you exult in my pain,
But the ſon of Alnomook ſhall never complain.

The pleaſures of love are too fleeting to laſt:
In a moment, the bliſs of enjoyment is paſt;
The pleaſures of ſpring, and of life, fade away,
But the laurels of valor will never decay.

My pains and my tortures will ſoon have an end;
In the flame of the fire, ſoon my ghoſt will aſcend;
When I come to the land, where the warriors have gone,
Alnomook will ſhout at the ſight of his ſon.

I go to the land where my father is gone;
His ghoſt will rejoice, in the fame of his ſon,
Death comes, like a friend, to relieve me from pain,
And the ſon of Alnomook does ſcorn to complain.

With great Pontomonque, above the high clouds,
On yonder green mountains, ſhall be my abodes;
My dog ever faithful, and bow. I'll retain,
Ah! the ſon of Alnomook ſhall never complain.

I ſoon ſhall rejoice, in thoſe fields of delight,
Reſerv'd for the brave now expanding to fight,
See the blood iſſue freely from every vein,
But the ſon of Alnomook ſhall never complain,

With heroes united, I'll traverſe the woods,
Or fly in the air, and ſurvey all the floods;
O ſharpen your ſpears, from your rage why refrain?
Know the ſon of Alnomook ſhall never complain.

On a cloud lifted high, ſee my friends all in ſmiles,
Are waiting for me, at the end of my to'ls.
Are you weari'd with tort'ring? while here I remain,
Know the ſon of Alnomook will never complain.

My body conſumed my limbs ſtill ſupport:
While my ſpirit remains, and my heart is unhurt,
Diſdain and contempt in my breaſt ſhall remain,
For thy ſon, O Alnomook ſhall never complain.

I come, O my father! I come, now to be,
By heroes, careſs'd, and applauded by thee;
My eyes now I cloſe, for no ſtrength does remain,
But the ſon of Alnomook ſtill ſcorns to complain.

SONG XLVII.

I AM a briſk young lively laſs,
A little more than twenty,
And by my comely air and dreſs,
I can have ſweethearts plenty:
But I'll be ware of wedlock's ſnare,
Though dying ſwains adore me;
The men I'll teaze myſelf to pleaſe,
My mother did ſo before me.

In rich brocades, and diamonds bright,
Like gayeſt ſprings delighting,
My parts and humor ſhall unite
To make me more inviting:
For I'll advance and learn to dance,
To pleaſe ſhall be my glory;
I'll learn to trace, each ſtep with grace,
My mother did ſo before me.

I'll dreſs as fine as fine can be,
My pride ſhall be my pleaſure;

And though the neighbors envy me,
To mind them I've no leisure,
I'll take delight, both day and night,
To be talk'd of in story;
I'll have it said, There shines a maid,
My mother did so before me.

To park and play I'll often go,
To spend a leisure hour;
I'll walk and talk with every beau,
And make him feel my power,
But if a dart should pierce my heart,
From one that does adore me,
I'll wed and kiss, what harm in this?
My mother did so before me.

Then will I manage when I wed,
My husband to perfection;
For, as good wives have often said,
"Keep husbands in subjection."
No snarling fool shall o'er me rule,
Nor e'er eclipse my glory;
I'll let him see I'll mistress be,
My mother did so before me.

SONG CXLVIII.

I SAIL'D from the Downs in the Nancy,
My jib, how she smack'd through the breeze,
She's a vessel quite rigg'd to my fancy,
As ever sail'd on the salt seas;
Then adieu to the white cliffs of Britain,
Our girls and our dear native shore;
For if some hard rock we should split on,
We ne'r should see them any more.

But sailors are born for all weathers,
Great guns let it blow high blow low,
Our duty keeps us to our tethers,
And where the gale drives we must go.

When we enter'd the gut of Gibraltar,
I verily thought she'd have sunk,
For the wind so began to alter;
She yaul'd just as tho' she was drunk:
The squall tore the mainsail to shivers,
Helm-a-weather, the hoarse boatswain cries;
Set the fore-sail athwart, feel she quivers,
And thro' the rough tempest she flies.
But Sailors, &c.

The storm came on thicker and faster,
As black then as pitch was the sky;
But then what a dreadful disaster
Befel three poor seamen and I;
Ben Buntlen, Sam Shroud, and Dick Handsail,
By a gale that came furious and hard;
And as we were furling the mainsail,
We were ev'ry soul swept from the yard.
But sailors, &c.

Poor Ben, Sam, and Dick, cried peccavi,
When I at the risk of my neck,
While in peace they sunk down to old Davy,
Caught a rope, and so landed on deck.
Well, what would you have, we were stranded,
And out of a fine jolly crew,
Of three hundred that sail'd, never landed,
But I, and I think, twenty-two.
But sailors, &c.

At last then at sea having miscarried,
Another guess way set the wind;
To England I came and got married,
To a lass that was comely and kind:
But whether for joy or vexation,
We know not for what we were born

Perhaps we may find a kind ſtation,
Perhaps we may touch a Cape Horn.
But ſailors, &c.

SONG CXLIX.

HOW pleſant a ſai'or's life paſſes,
Who roams o'er the wat'ry main!
No treaſure he ever amaſſes,
But cheerfully ſpends all his gain.
We're ſtrangers to party and faction,
To honor and honeſty true,
And would not commit a baſe action,
For power or profit in view.
Then why ſhould we quarrel for riches,
Or any ſuch glittering toys?
A light heart and a thin pair of breeches,
Goes through the world brave boys,

The world is a beautiful garden,
Enrich'd with the bleſſing of life.
The toiler with plenty rewarding,
Which plenty too often breeds ſtrife.
When terrible tempeſts aſſail us,
And mountainous billows affright,
No grandeur or wealth can avail us,
But ſkilful induſtry ſteers right.
Then why, &c.

The courtier's more ſubject to dangers,
Who rules at the helm of the ſtate.
Than we, that to politics ſtrangers,
Eſcape the ſnares laid for the great.
The various bleſſings of nature
In various nations we try;
No mortals than us can be greater,
Who merrily live till we die.
Then why, &c,

SONG CL.

BOLD Jack, the ſailer, here I come,
Pray how do you like my nib
My trowſers wide my trampler on,
My nab and flowing jib,
I ſail'd the ſeas from end to end,
And led a joyous life,
At every meſs we find a friend,
At every port a wife.

I have heard them talk of conſtancy,
Of grief and ſuch like fun
I have conſtant been to ten cry'd I;
But never griev'd for one.
The flowing ſails we tars unbend,
To lead a roving life,
At every meſs we find a friend,
At every port a wife.

I've a ſpanking wife at Portſmouth gates,
A pigmy at Goree.
An orange tawny up the ſtraits,
A black at St. Lucie.
Thus whatſoever courſe we bend,
We lead a jovial life,
At every meſs we find a friend
At every port a wife.

Will Gaff by death was ta'en aback,
I come to bring the news,
Poll whimper'd ſore but what object,
I ſtood in William's ſhoes,
She got high cheſt and at the end,
She loves me as her life,
And ſhe has an honeſt friend,
And I a loving wife.

Come all ye ſailors that do go,
The unfortunate ſeas te rub,

You must work, love and fight your foes
And drink your generous bub.
Storms that our mast in splinters tear,
Can take our joyous life.
In every want we find a friend,
And every port a wife.

SONG CLI.

HERE'S to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
Likewise to the widow of fifty:
Here's to the bold and extravagant quean,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.
Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass,
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the maiden whose dimples we prize,
And likewise to her that has none, Sir:
Here's to the maid with a pair of blue eyes,
And here is to her that's but one, Sir,
Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
And to her that's as brown as a berry;
And here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And here's to the girl that is merry.
Let the toast pass, &c.

Let her be clumsy, or let her be slim,
Young, or ancient, I care not a feather:
So fill the pint bumper quite up to the brim,
And e'en let us toast them together
Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass,
I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

SONG. CLII.

WHEN last honest Jack, of whose fate I now write,
Weigh'd anchor; and cast out for sea;

For he never refuſed for his country to fight,
When call'd on no lubber was he.
To hand reef, and ſteer, and bouſe every thing tight,
Full well did he know ev'ry inch;
Tho' the top-lifts of ſailors the tempeſt ſhould ſmite
Jack never was known for to flinch
Tho' the top-lifts, &c.

A loft from the maſt-head one day he eſpy'd
Seven ſail, which appear'd to his view;
Clear the decks, ſpunge the guns, was inſtantly cri'd,
And each to his ſtation then flew;
And fought until many a noble was ſlain,
And ſilenc'd was every gun;
Twas then all the tar's value was vain,
For by numbers, alas! they're undone,
Yet think not bold Jack, tho' by conqueſt diſmay'd,
Could tamely ſubmit to his fate;
When his contry he found he no longer could ſerve
Looking round, he addreſs'd thus each mate;
What's life, d'e ſee when our liberty's gone,
Much nobler it were for to die—
So now for old Davy—then plung'd in the Main—
E'en the cherub above heav'd a ſigh.

SONG CLIII.

AS through the green meadow one morning I paſs'd,
There I beheld a moſt beautiful laſs;
Her age, I am ſure, it was ſcarcely ſixteen,
And ſhe on her head wore a garland of green,
Her cheeks were like rubies, and as for her eyes,

They ſparkled like diamonds, like ſtars in the
ſkies,
And as for her voice, it was charming and
clear,
And ſhe ſang a ſong for the loſs of her dear.

Why does my love Billy prove falſe and unkind?
And why is he wavering like to the wind?
To one who is conſtant in ev'ry degree,
O why does he change to another from me?
And why is he pleaſed to torture me ſo?
To be ſo delighted with my overthrow,
Since Suſan is conſtant and true to her truſt,
I'm ſorry that Billy ſhould be ſo unjuſt.

Many fine hours have we paſs'd away,
In green fields and meadows where he us'd to
make hay;
He often times ſigh'd, as he lay on my breaſt,
And ſaid that, without me he could not have
reſt;
And when he return'd from his harrow and
plough
I eaſed his labor, by milking his cow,
And then in ſweet kiſſes I ſat on his knee,
And none in this world were ſo happy as we.

But now I'm forſaken for Nancy the fair,
He tells her his trouble, his ſorrow, his care,
'Tis her now he kiſſes, as ſhe ſits on his knee.
And tells her the fine tales he once told to me:
But if ſhe believe him, that falſe hearted ſwain,
He'll leave her in ſorrow like me to complain,
There's nothing that's certain in Billy ſays Sue,
The man who's been once falſe, will never
prove true.

She finiſh'd her ſong, and roſe up to be gone;
When over the meadow, came jolly young John
He vow'd that he lov'd her as dearly as life,
And wiſh'd he was worthy to make her his
wife;

She straightway consented, then to the Church went,
Young Billy's forgotten, and Susan content,
Most men are like Billy, most women like Sue,
If young men prove false, why should women prove true.

SONG CLIV.

A TERM full as long as the siege of old Troy
To win a sweet girl I my time did employ,
Oft urg'd her the day for our marriage to set,
As often she answer'd, 'Tis time enough yet.

I told her at last, that her passions were wrong;
And more, that I scorn'd to be fool'd with so long.
She burst out a-laughing at seeing me fret,
And, humming a tune, cry'd 'Tis time enough yet.

Determin'd by her to be laugh'd at no more,
I flew from her presence and bounc'd out of door;
Resolv'd of her usage the better to get,
Or on her my eyes again never to set.

To me, the next morning, her maid came in haste,
And earnestly begg'd I'd forget what was past;
Declar'd her young lady did nothing but fret:
I told her, I'd think on't—Twas time enough yet.

She next, in a letter as long as my arm,
Declar'd from her soul she intended no harm,
And beg'd I the day for our marriage would set:—
I wrote her for answer—Tis time enough yet.

But that was scarce gone, when a message I sent
To shew, in my heart I began to relent,

I begg'd I might see her :—together we met—
We kiss'd and were friends again ;—so are we
yet.

SONG CLV.

WHEN I was a chit, just got into my teens,
And the men would be asking a kiss ;
Thinks I to myself, I scarce know what it
means,
But I think I ought not to say yes ;
To be sure it was fine
When they call'd me divine,
Tho' I've simper'd and cry'd let me go,
O dear, sir, Oia !
I'll acquaint my mamma,
If that you keep teazing and squeezing me so.

Improving in skill as advancing in years,
Each lesson of love got by heart,
More eager my hopes more decided my fears,
Pure nature sought refuge in art—
At each swain that drew nigh,
I look'd under my eye,
And loiter'd pretending to go ;
If prest to sit down,
I exclaim'd with a frown,
How dare you keep teazing and squeezing me
so.

Coquetting's now o'er, and settled for life,
Each feeling is fairly confess'd,
Attach'd to the duties of parent and wife,
'Tis nature still reigns in the breast :
To my heart's bosom friend,
I no coolness pretend,
Nor from him seem anxious to go :
Nor ever complain,
With affected disdain,
But doubt whether squeezing be teazing or no.

SONG CLVI.

TO eaſe his heart, and own his flame,
Young Jocky to my cottage came,
And tho' I lik'd him paſſing weel,
I careleſs turn'd my ſpinning wheel.

My milk white hand he did extol,
And prais'd my fingers long and ſmall;
Unuſual joy my heart did feel,
But ſtill I turn'd my ſpinning wheel.

With gentle voice I bid him riſe,
He bleſs'd my neck, my lips, and eyes:
My fondneſs I could ſcarce conceal,
But yet I turn'd my ſpinning wheel.

'Till bolder grown, ſo cloſe he preſs'd,
His wanton thoughts I quickly gueſs'd;
Then puſh'd him from my rock and reel,
And angry turn'd my ſpinning wheel.

At laſt when I began to chide,
He ſwore he meant me for his bride;
'Twas then my love I did reveal,
And flung away my ſpinning wheel.

APPENDIX.

CONTAINING A VARIETY OF

MASONIC SONGS.

SONG I.

NOT the fictions of Greece, nor the dreams of old Rome.
Shall with viſions miſlead, or with meteors conſume;
No Pegaſus' wings my ſhort ſoarings miſguide;
Nor raptures detain me on Helic'n ſide.
All clouds now diſſolve; from the Eaſt beams the day—
Truth riſes in glory, and wakens the lay.
The Eagle ey'd Muſe—ſees the light—fills the grove
With the ſong of Free Maſons, of Friendſhip and Love!
Inſpir'd with the theme, the Divinity flies;
And thron'd on a rain-bow—before her ariſe,
Paſt Preſent and *Futur*—with ſplendid array,
In maſonic ſucceſſion, their treaſures diſplay.
She views murder'd Merit by ruffian hand fall,
And the grave give its dead up, at fellowſhip's call!
While the Craft, by their badges, their innocence prove;
And the ſong of Free Maſons is Friendſhip and love!
From thoſe ages remote, ſee the Muſe ſpeeds her away,

To join in the glories, the *Preſent* diſplay,
In freedom and Friendſhip, ſhe ſees the true band;
With their ſplendor and virtues illumine the land.
Religion's pure beam breaks the vapors of night.
And from darkneſs myſterious, the World gives the light!
While the Lodge here below, as the choirs from above,
Join the ſong of Free Maſons in Friendſhip and Love.
That the *Future* might keep, what the Preſent beſtows,
In rapture prophetic the goddeſs aroſe;
As the ſung through the ſkies, angels echo'd the ſound,
And the winds bore the notes to the regions around!
The kind proclamation our ſong ſhall retain:
'Twas—"That Maſonry long may its luſtre maintain:
And 'till Time be no more, our Eternity prove,
That the objects we aim at, are Friendſhip and Love!"

SONG II.

WHEN my divine Althæa's charms,
No more ſhall kindle ſoft alarms,
And the keen lightning of her eye,
Paſſes unfelt, unheeded by;
When moral Beauty's heavenly form
Shall ceaſe the frozen ſoul to warm;
When manners thus corrupt we ſee,
Farewell the ſweets of Maſonry!

When Science ſhall withdraw her light,
And Error ſpread a Gothic night;

When Pity's ſacred ſource is dry,
No pearly drop to melt the eye ;
When truth ſhall hide her bluſhing head,
And famiſh'd Virtue beg her bread ;
When manners thus corrupt we ſee,
Farewell the ſweets of Maſonry !

But while the fair tranſport our ſight,
And moral beauty's charms delight ;
While Science lifts her torch on high,
And pity thaws the melting eye ;
While Truth maintains deſpotic power,
And Virtue charms without a dower ;
While manners thus unſtain'd we ſee,
All hail the ſweets of Maſonry !

SONG III.

YE ſons of fair Science, impatient to learn,
What's meant by a Maſon you here may diſcern ;
He ſtrengthens the weak, he gives light to the blind,
And the naked he clothes—is a friend to mankind.
All ſhall yield to Maſonry,
Bend to thee
Bleſt Maſonry,
Matchleſs was he who founded thee,
And thou, like him immortal ſhalt be.

He walks on the level of honor and truth,
And ſpurns the trite paſſions of folly and youth ;
The Compaſs and ſquare all his frailties reprove,
And his ultimate object is Brotherly Love.

The temple of knowledge he nobly doth raiſe,
Supported by wiſdom, and learning its baſe ;
When rear'd and adorn'd, ſtrength and beauty unite,

And he views ths fair ſtructure with conſcious
delight.
With fortitude bleſs'd he's a ſtranger to fears,
And govern'd by prudence, he cautiouſly ſteers,
Till temperance ſhews him the port of content,
And juſtice unaſk'd, gives the ſign of conſent.

Inſpir'd by his feelings, he bounty imparts,
For charity ranges at large in our hearts:
And an indigent brother reliev'd from his
woes,
Feels a pleaſure inferior to him who beſtows.

Thus a Maſon I've drawn and expos'd to your
view,
And truth muſt acknowledge the figure is true;
Should you members become—be brothers and
friends,
There's a SECRET remaining, will make you
amends.

SONG IV.

WHAT Joys do the Craft on each Maſon
beſtow
(Such rapturous pleaſures as Covans ne'er
know)
All equally ſhare the delightful repaſt,
Which time cannot change, but eternal will
laſt.

Hark away! Hark away! Hark away is the
word! To the Lodge let's repair;
Where echo! Where echo! Where harmony echoes,
And baniſhes care.

Behold as the Sun in the Eaſt doth ariſe,
Our Maſter the workmen and Hirelings employ,
The weſt and the South their aſſiſtance impart,
T' embelliſh the Fabric and ſtrengthen the
Art.

With level and rule we our buſineſs prepare,

We work by the Compaſs and act on the Square,
No murmurs are heard and no diſcords are known,
Tranquility reins and ambition has flown.

Let the world make a ſcoff, we their ſneering deſpiſe,
Since they know not how much we Free Maſonry prize;
In brotherly love let the time ſocial paſs,
And mirth and feſtivity garniſh each glaſs.

Then charge, my dear brethren, a bumper all round,
To the brim fill each glaſs, let no day light be found;
Here's a health to all Maſons who honor the name,
By walking upright, and obſerving the ſame.
Hark away! Hark away! Hark away is the word, Let us ſing and rejoice;
Whilſt echo! ſweet echo! whilſt echo of Maſonry
Sounds from each voice!

SONG V.

HOW happy's a Maſon whole boſom ſtill flows
With friendſhip, and ever moſt cheerfully goes,
Th' effects of the myſteries lodg'd in his breaſt,
Myſteries rever'd, and by Princes poſſeſt.
Our friends and our bottle we beſt can enjoy,
No rancor or envy our quiet annoy,
Our plumbline and compaſs, our ſquare and our tools,
Direct all our actions in virtue's fair rules,
Direct, &c.
To Mars and to Venus we're equally true,
Our hearts can enliven, our arms can ſubdue

Let the enemy tell, and the ladies declare,
No class or profession with Masons compare;
To give a fond lustre we ne'er need a crest,
Since honor and virtue remain in our breast,
We'll charm the rude world when we clap,
laugh and sing,
If so happy a Mason, say, who'd be a king?
If so, &c.

SONG VI.

DEAR Brothers of fraternal mind,
Whom virtue, truth and honor bind,
In whom the sons of science find
No sly dissimulation;
Accept a tribute justly due,
From a fond heart, faithful and true,
Accept a tender, sad adieu,
And believe
That I grieve,
Your worthy social band to leave
Because I am a Mason.

Yet tho' remote from you I stray
Where fickle fortune leads the way,
Your mem'ry in my breast shall stay,
While I have respiration:
And let me hold that fond idea,
That you will mind unworthy me,
Whene'er you meet in social glee:
Give a toast,
Let me boast
The friendship of your noble host,
I ask it as a Mason.

If e'er the Syrenes of the age
Has drawn me from your mystic gage,
Pray blot the error from the page
Of rigid observation.
Your kindness on my heart I'll write,
And all unkindness from my sight,

I'll banish to eternal night.
Let us be
Masons free;
Forgive, likewise forgiven be.
The creed of every Mason.

Your choicest love I oft did share,
Your brightest badge did often wear,
Plac'd in the Oriental chair,
By mystic installation,
And by the emblematic three,
Dispers'd the gifts of Masonry,
'Till the meridian hour we see;
Then we may
Wet our clay,
And pass an hour cheerful and gay,
In grateful relaxation.

A listening ear obtain our art,
A silent tongue will ne'er impart
The secrets of a faithful heart,
Whatever the temptation.
Honor and truth will still combine
To dignify the grand design,
And love will through their actions shine.
With a mind
Just and kind,
And all their pleasures are refin'd,
So happy in a Mason.

Then faith, upheld by reason's voice,
Their hopes foretel enjoyment's choice,
In charity their hearts rejoice
In bless'd conciliation.
When unforeseen misfortunes press
The sons and daughters of distress,
With kind fraternal tenderness,
Prompt relief
Soothe their grief,
Of their pleasure 'tis the chief
To raise a fallen Mason.

Humanity, that virtue bright,
Friendſhip ſo lovely to the ſight,
Brotherly love their hearts unite,
And bleſs each friendly action.
No doating ſot their mirth ſhall wound,
No minor knows their rights profound,
No atheiſt treads the hollow'd ground,
No alloy
To their joy;
Pleaſures pure, which never cloy
Belongs to ev'ry Maſon.

May friendſhip, harmony and love
Your guardians and companions prove,
Till the celeſtial Lodge above,
Shall be each brother's ſtation:
But death, the level, time the line,
And plumb of juſtice muſt combine,
To fit us for that bliſs divine,
Then ſhall we
Happy be;
Towards the Eaſt we'll bow the knee
To our Grand Maſter Maſon.

SONG VII.

ADIEU, a heart, warm, fond adieu,
Ye brothers of our myſtic tie;
Ye favor'd and enlighten'd few,
Companions of my ſocial joy;
Tho' I to foreign lands muſt hie,
Purſuing fortunes ſlippery ba'l:
With melting heart and brimful eye,
I'll mind you ſtill when far awa.

Oft have I met your ſocial band,
To ſpend a cheerful feſtive night,
Oft, honor'd with ſupreme command,
Preſided o'er the ſons of light;
And by that hieroglyphic bright,
Which none but craftſmen ever ſaw,

Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write.
Those happy scenes when far awa.

May freedom, harmony and love,
Cement you in the grand design,
Beneath th' Omnicient eye above;
The glorious Architect, divine;
That you may keep th' unerring rule,
Sin guarded by the plummet's law,
'Till order bright completely shine,
Shall be my pray'r when far awa.

And you farewell, whose merit claim
Justly that highest badge to wear,
May Heaven bless your noble name,
To Masonry and Scotia dear;
A last request permit me then,
When yearly you re assemble a'l,
One round, I ask it with a tear;
To him, the friend that's far awa.

And you, kind-hearted sisters fair,
I sing farewell to all your charms,
Th' impression of your pleasing air;
With rapture oft my heart did warm,
Alas, the social winter's night
No more returns while breath we draw,
'Till sisters, brothers, all unite;
In that Grand Lodge that's far awa.

SONG VIII.

HERE social love serenely smiles,
Soft harmony inspires the breast,
Music the weight of care beguiles.
And lulls each gloomy thought to rest.

Come dove-ey'd peace thou heavenly guest,
And concord; attribute divine!
Reside within each Mason's breast,
Their hearts with sacred union join.

Thus long shall stand our noble art,
Hid deep within each faithful breast,

We feel its influence on the heart,
Therefore we ſay—*probatum eſt.*

SONG IX.

BACCHUS open all thy treaſure,
Let ſweet muſic charm the ear;
Love cements us all together,
Sons of Hiram welcome here.

Vulgar, baſe and ſordid wretches,
May deride us. what care we;
Slander write malignant ſketches,
By the fruit we know the tree.

Come my brothers, love unites us,
Come let beauty be our toaſt;
Here's to her that can delight us,
The charming fair we prize the moſt.

Let us join our hands together,
May peace and love the cement be;
Charge your glaſſes, prime together,
Here's a health to Maſons Free.

SONG X.

COME let us prepare,
We brothers that are
Aſſembled on merry occaſion:
Let's be happy and ſing,
For Life is a ſpring
To a Free and an Accepted Maſon.

The world is in pain
Our ſecrets to gain,
And ſtill let them wonder and gaze on;
They ne'er can divine
The word or the ſign
Of a free and an Accepted Maſon.

'Tis this and 'tis that,
They cannot tell what,
Nor why the great men of the nation

Should aprons put *on*,
And make themſelves one
With a Free and an accepted Maſon.

Great Kings, Dukes, and Lords,
Have laid by their ſwords,
Our myſt'ry to put a good grace on,
And ne'er been aſham'd
To hear themſelves nam'd
With a Free and an Accepted Maſon.

Antiquity's pride,
We have on our ſide,
To keep up our old reputation;
There's nought but what's good
To be underſtood
By a Free and an Accepted Maſon.

We're true and ſincere,
And juſt to the Fair;
They'll truſt us on any occaſion:
No Mortal can more
The Ladies adore,
Than a Free and an Accepted Maſon.

Then join hand in hand,
By each Brother firm ſtand,
Let's be merry and put a bright face on:
What mortal can boaſt
So noble a toaſt
As a Free and an Accepted Maſon.

No mortal can boaſt
So noble a toaſt
As a Free and an Accepted Maſon. } Three times.

SONG XI.

IN Hiſt'ry we're told, how the Lodges of old
Aroſe in the eaſt, and ſhone forth like the Sun;
But all muſt agree that divine Maſonary

Commenc'd when the glorious creation begun:
With glory divine, oh, long may'ſt thou ſhine,
Thou choiceſt of bleſſings deriv'd from above!
Then charge bumpers high, and with ſhouts rend the ſky
To Maſonary, Friendſhip, and Brotherly Love.
With glory divine, &c.

Judea's great King, whoſe vaſt praiſes we ſing,
With wiſdom contriv'd, while the temple he plan'd;
The myſterious art then took place in each heart.
And Hiram with Solomon went hand in hand:
While each royal name was recorded in fame,
Their works, Earth and Heaven did jointly approve;
Then charge bumpers high, and with ſhouts rend the ſky,
To Maſonry, Friendſhip, and brotherly Love.
While each, &c.

Then Maſons were true, and the Craft daily grew;
They liv'd within Compaſs, and work'd by the Square;
In friendſhip they dwelt, no ambition they felt,
Their deeds were upright, and their conſciences clear;
On this noble plan, Free Maſons began.
To help one another they mutually ſtrove;
Then charge bumpers high, and with ſhouts rend the ſky
To Maſonry, Friendſhip, and Brotherly Love.
On this &c.

Thoſe maxims purſue, and your paſſions ſubdue

And imitate thoſe worthy Maſons of yore ;
Fix a lodge in each breaſt, be fair virtue your gueſt
Let Wiſdom preſide, and let truth tile the door.
So ſhall we ariſe, to an immortal prize,
In that bliſsful Lodge which no time can remove ;
Then charge bumpers high, and with ſhouts rend the ſky.
To maſonry Friendſhip and Brotherly Love.
So ſhall, &c.

SONG XII.

ERE God the Univerſe began,
In one rude heap all matter lay,
Which wild diſorder overran,
Nor knew of light one glimmering ray ;
While, in darkneſs o'er the whole,
Confuſion reign'd without control.

Then God aroſe his thunders hurl'd,
And bade the Elements ariſe ;
In Air he hung the pendant World,
And o'er it ſpread the azure ſkies ;
Stars in circles caus'd to run,
And in the centre fix'd the Sun.

Then man he call'd forth out of duſt,
And form'd him with a living ſoul ;
All things committed to his truſt,
And made him Lord of all the whole ;
But ungrateful unto Heaven
He prov'd, and was from Eden driven.

From thence proceeded all our woes,
Nor could mankind one comfort ſhare ;
Until Free Maſons greatly roſe,
And form'd another Eden here ;

Where true pleasure ever reigns,
And native innocence remains.

Here crystal fountains bubbling flow,
Here nought that's vile can enter in:
The tree of knowledge here does grow,
Whose fruit we taste, yet free from Sin;
While sweet Friendship does abound,
And guardian Angels hover round.

SONG XIII.

WE have no idle prating,
Of either wig or tory,
But each agrees
To live at ease,
And sing or tell a story,
Fill to him,
To the brim,
Let it round the table roll:
The divine
Tells us wine
Cheers the body and the soul.

We're always men of pleasure,
Despising pride and party:
While knaves and fools
Prescribe us rules,
We are sincere and hearty,
Fill to him, &c.

If an Accepted Mason
Should talk of high or low church;
We'll set him down
A shallow clown,
And understand him no church.
Fill to him, &c.

The world is all in darkness,
About us they conjecture;
But little think,
A song and drink,

Succeeds the Mason's lecture.
Fill to him, &c.

Then landlord bring a hogshead,
And in a corner place it;
Till all rebound
With hollow sound,
Each Moson here will face it.
Fill to him, &c.

SONG XIV.

COME, ye Masons, hither bring
The tuneful pipe and pleasing string,
Exert each voice,
Aloud rejoice,
And make the spacious concave ring:
Let your hearts be blithe and gay,
Joy and mirth let all display,
No dull care
Shall enter here,
For this is Masons' holiday.
Let your hearts, &c.

Friendship here has fix'd her seat,
And virtue finds a calm retreat,
Go tell the fool,
'Tis Wisdom's school,
Where love and honor always meet.
Let your hearts, &c.

Social pleasures here invite,
To fill the soul with sweet delight,
While hand in hand
Our friendly Band
In Love and Harmony unite.
Let your hearts, &c.

May we oft assemble here,
And long the Badge of Honor wear,
May joy abound,
And we be found

Forever faithful and ſincere.
Let your hearts, &c.

Take the flowing glaſs in hand,
And drink unto our Maſter Grand,
Long may he reign,
The Cauſe maintain,
And Lodges flouriſh through the Land.
Let your hearts &c.

SONG XV.

FIDELITY once had a fancy to rove,
And therefore ſhe quitted the manſions above;
On earth ſhe arriv'd but ſo long was her tour,
Jove tho't ſhe intended returning no more.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Then Merc'ry was haſten'd in queſt of the dame
And ſoon to this world of confuſion he came;
At Paris he ſtopp'd, and enquir'd by chance,
But heard that Fidelity ne'er was in France.

The god then to Portugal next took his rout,
In hopes that at Liſbon he might find her out;
But there he was told ſhe had mock'd ſuperſtition,
And left it for fear of the grand inquiſition.

Being thus diſappointed, to Holland he flew,
And ſtrictly enquir'd of an eminent Jew;
When Mordecai readily told him thus much,
Fidelity was never lik'd by the Dutch.

Arriving at London, he haſten'd to court,
Where numbers of little great men do reſort;
Who all ſtood amaz'd, when he aſk'd for the dame,
And ſwore they had ſcarce ever heard of the name.

To Weſtminſter hall did the god next repair,
In hopes with dame juſtice ſhe might be found there:
For both he enquir'd; when the court anſwer'd thus,
"The perſons you mention, Sir, ne'er trouble us."

Then bending his courſe to the Cyprian grove,
He civilly aſk'd of the young god of love:
The urchin repli'd "could you think here to find her,
When I and my mother you know, never mind her?

In one only place you can find her on earth,
The ſeat of true friendſhip, love, freedom and mirth;
To a lodge of Free Maſons then quickly repair,
And you need not to doubt but you'll meet with her there."

SONG XVI.

WHEN the ſun from the eaſt firſt ſalutes mortal eyes,
And the ſky lark melodiouſly bids us ariſe;
With our hearts full of joy we the ſummons obey,
Straight repair to our work, and to moiſten our clay.

On the treſſel our maſter draws angles and lines,
There with freedom with fervency forms his deſigns,
Not a picture on earth is ſo lovely in view,
All his lines are ſo perfect, his angles ſo true.

In the weſt ſee the wardens ſubmiſſively ſtand,
The maſter to aid, and obey his command;
The intent of his ſignals we perfectly know,

And we ne'er take offence when he gives us a blow.

In the lodge ſloth and dulneſs we always avoid,
Fellow-crafts and apprentices all are employ'd:
Perfect aſhlers ſome finiſh, ſome make the rough plain,
All are pleas'd with their work, and are pleas'd with their gain.

When my maſter I've ſerv'd ſeven years, perhaps more,
Some ſecrets he'll tell me I ne'er knew before;
In my boſom I'll keep them as long as I live,
And purſue the directions his wiſdom ſhall give.

I'll attend to his call both by night and by day;
It is his to command, and 'tis mine to obey:
Wheneſoe'r we are met, I'll attend to his nod,
And I'll work till high twelve, then I'll lay down my hod.

SONG XVII.

[*The entered* APPLENTICE'S *Song.*

WHEN quite a young ſpark,
I was in the dark,
And wanted to alter my ſtation;
I went to a friend,
Who prov'd in the end,
A free and an accepted maſon.

At a door he then knock'd,
Which quickly unlock'd,
When he bid me to put a good face on,
And not be afraid,
For I ſhould be made
A free and an accepted maſon.

My wiſhes were crown'd,
And a maſter I found,

Who made a moſt ſolemn oration;
Then ſhew'd me the light,
And gave me the right
Sign, token, and word, of a maſon.

How great my amaze,
When I firſt ſaw the blaze!
And how ſtruck with the myſtic occaſion!
Aſtoniſh'd I found,
Though free I was bound
To a free and an accepted maſon.

When clothed in white,
I took great delight
In the work of this noble vocation:
And knowledge I gain'd
When the lodge he explain'd
Of a free and an accepted maſon.

I was bound it appears,
For ſeven long years,
Which to me is of trifling duration:
With freedom I ſerve,
And ſtrain every nerve
To acquit myſelf like a good maſon.

A bumper then fill
With an hearty good will,
To our maſte pay due veneration;
Who taught us the art
We ne'er will impart,
Unleſs to an accepted maſon.

SONG XVIII.

WHEN Maſonry expiring lay, by knaves and fools rejected,
Without one hope one cheering ray, by worthleſs ſons neglected;
Fair virtue fled truth hung her head o'erwhelmed in deep confuſion,

Sweet friendſhip too her ſmiles withdrew from
this bleſt inſtitution.
Fair virtue, &c.

Columbia's ſons determin'd then Freemaſonry
to cheriſh,
They rous'd her into life again and bid fair ſcience
flouriſh:
Now virtue bright truth rob'd in white with
friendſhip hither haſten,
All go hand in hand to bleſs the band of true Co-
lumbian Maſons.
Now virtue, &c.

Since Maſonry's reviv'd, once more purſue her
wiſe directions,
Let circumſpection go before and virtue ſquare
your actions,
Unite your hands in friendſhips bands, ſupport-
ing one another,
With honeſt heart fair truth impart to every faith-
ful brother.
Unite your, &c.

Let coxcombs grin and critics ſneer while we are
blith and jolly,
Let fops deſpiſe the badge we wear we laugh at
all their folly,
Let empty fools deſpiſe our rules brothers we
ne'er will heed them,
Say what they will we're Maſons ſtill and will
ſupport our freedom.
Let empty, &c.

But may kind heavens gracious hand ſtill regu-
late each action;
May every lodge ſecurely ſtand againſt the ſtorms
of faction,
May love and peace each day increaſe throughout
this happy nation,
May they extend 'till all ſhall end in one great
conflagration.
May love, &c.

SONG XIX.

LET Maſons fame reſound,
Through all the nations round,
From pole to pole:
See what felicity,
Harmleſs ſimplicity,
Like electricity,
Runs thro' the whole,

Such ſweet variety
Ne'r had ſociety
Ever before
Faith hope and charity,
Love and ſincerity,
Without temerity,
Charm more and more,

When in the Lodge we're met,
And in due order ſet,
Happy are we:
Our works are glorious,
Deeds meritorious,
Never cenſorious:
But great and free.

When follies ſons ariſe,
Maſonry to deſpiſe,
Scorn all their ſpite—
Laugh at their ignorance
Pity their want of ſenſe,
Never let them give offence,
Firmer unite.

Maſons have long been free,
And may they ever be,
Great as of Yore,
For many ages paſt
Maſonry have ſtood faſt,
And may its glory laſt,
'Till time's no more.

SONG XX.

WHEN a lodge of free Masons are clothed
in their aprons,
In order to make a new brother;
With firm hearts and clean hands, they repair to
their stands,
And justly support one another.

Trusty brother take care, of eve-droppers be-
ware,
'Tis a just and a solemn occasion,
Give the word and the blow that workmen may
know,
There's one asks to be made a free mason.

The Master stands due, and his officers too,
While the craftsmen are plying their sta-
tion,
The apprentices stand right for the command,
Of a free and an accepted mason.

Now traverse your ground, as in duty you're
bound,
And revere the authentic oration,
That leads to the way and proves the first ray,
Of a free and an accepted mason.

Here's swords and here's signs, here's problems
and lines,
Here's room too for deep speculation
Here virtue and truth are taught to the youth,
When first he's call'd up to a mason.

Hieroglyphics shine bright, here light reverts
light,
On the rules and the tools of vocation.
We work and we sing to the craft honor
bring,
'Tis both duty and choice in a mason.

What is said or is done, is here truly laid
down,

In this form of our high inſtallation,
et I challenge all men, to know what I mean,
Unleſs he's an accepted maſon.

he ladies claim right to come into our light,
Since the apron they ſay is their bearing
an they ſubject their will? can they keep their
tongues ſtill?
And let talking be chang'd into hearing.

his difficult taſk is the leaſt we can aſk,
To ſecure us on ſundry occaſions,
hen with this they comply Our utmoſt we'll
try,
To raiſe lodges of lady free maſons.

ill this can be done muſt each brother be
mumm,
Tho' the fair one ſhould wheedle or teaze
on,
e juſt true and kind, but ſtill bear in mind,
At all times that you are a free maſon.

SONG XXI.

LET drunkards boaſt the power of wine'
And reel from ſide to ſide;
Let lovers kneel at Beauty's ſhrine,
The ſport of female pride,
Be ours the more exalted part,
To celebrate the Maſons' Art,
And ſpread its praiſes wide.

To dens and thickets, dark and rude
For ſhelter beaſts repair;
With ſticks and ſtraws the feather'd brood
Suſpend their neſts in air:
And man untaught, as wild as theſe,
Binds up ſad huts with boughs of trees,
And feeds on wretched fare.

But ſcience dawning in his mind,
The quarry he explores;

Industry and the Arts combin'd,
Improv'd all Nature's stores:
Thus walls were built, and houses rear'd,
No storms or tempests now are fear'd
Within his well fram'd doors.

When stately palaces arise,
When columns grace the hall,
When tow'r's and spires salute the skies,
We owe to Masons all:
Nor buildings only do they give,
But teach men how within to live,
And yield to Reason's call.

All party quarrels they detest,
For Virtue and the Arts,
Lodg'd in each true Free Mason's breast,
Unite and rule the hearts:
By these, while Masons square their minds,
The State no better subjects finds,
None acts more upright parts.

When Bucks and Albions are forgot,
Free Masons will remain;
Mushroons each day, spring up and rot,
While oaks stretch o'er the plain:
Let others quarrel rant and roar;
Their noisy revels when no more,
Still Masonry shall reign.

Our leathern aprons may compare,
With garters red and blue:
Princes and Kings our Brothers are,
While they our rules pursue:
Then drink success and health to all
The Craft around this earthly ball,
May brethren still prove true!

SONG XXII.

UNITE, unite, your voices raise;
Loud, loudly sing Free Mason's praise
Spread far and wide their spotless fame,

And glory in the ſacred name.

Behold, behold, the upright band,
In Virtue's paths go hand in hand;
They ſhun each ill, they do no wrong,
Strict honor does to them belong.

How juſt, how juſt, are all their ways,
Superior far to mortal praiſe!
Their worth deſcription far exceeds.
For matchleſs are Free Maſons' deeds.

Go on, go on, ye juſt and true,
Still, ſtill the ſame bright paths purſue;
Th' admiring world ſhall on you gaze,
And Friendſhip's alter ever blaze.

Begone, begone, fly diſcord hence,
With party rage and inſolence:
Sweet peace ſhall bleſs this happy band,
And Freedom ſmile throughout the land.

SONG XXIII.

HAIL Maſonry divine;
Glory of ages ſhine,
Long may'ſt thou reign:
Where'er thy Lodges ſtand,
May they have great command,
And always grace the land,
Thou art divine.

Great fabrics, ſtill ariſe,
And grace the azure ſkies,
Great are the ſchemes:
Thy noble Orders are
Matchleſs beyond compare;
No art with thee can ſhare
Thou art divine!

Hiram, the architect,
Did all the Craft direct
How they ſhould build;

Sol'mon, great Isr'eal's King,
Did mighty blessings bring,
And left us room to sing,
Hail, royal Art!

SONG XXIV.

ASSIST my muse, thy influence bring,
In praise of Masonry I sing;
In flowing notes my voice shall raise
To sing the worthy Mason's praise.
Whose heart is free from envy's stain,
And while he lives will so remain.

Hail oriental splendid light,
And dove-ey'd peace, with beauty bright;
Thy all-enliv'ning, strength'ning rays,
Doth crown our bliss with happy days.
Statesmen and Kings with hand and heart,
Support, adorn our royal Art.

With music sweet, sage Tubal Cain,
On the deep organ tun'd the strain;
Sweet melody inspir'd his tongue,
With lofty notes he sweetly sung:
Hail Masonry from Heaven sent,
In thee alone we find content.

Benevolence and mutual love,
Sent by our master from above,
Are pillars of our royal Art,
Engraved on each Mason's heart.
These lofty pillars stand secure,
And shall the date of time endure.

Hail royal Art, from Heaven reveal'd
In Mason's heart thou art conceal'd
Cowans may seek and knock in vain,
Our iv'ry keys their arts disdain.
Each Mason smiles and sees their art,
While prudence guards his faithful heart.

SONG XXV.

KING Solomon, that wise projector,
In Masonry took great delight;
And Hiram, that great Architector,
Whose actions shall ever shine bright.
From the heart of a true honest Mason
There's none can the secret remove;
Our maxims are justice, morality,
Friendship and brotherly love.
Then who would not be a Free Mason,
So happy and social are we;
To all honest men we are Brothers,
And in every Lodge we are free.

We meet like true friends on the level,
And lovingly part on the square;
Alike we respect king and beggar,
Provided they're just and sincere,
We scorn an ungenerous action,
None can with Free Masons compare;
We love for to live within compass,
By rules that are honest and fair.
Then who, &c.

We exclude all talkative fellows,
That will babble and prate past their wit,
They ne'er shall come into our secret,
For they're neither worthy nor fit;
But the person that's well recommended
And we find him honest and true,
When our lodge is well tyl'd we'll prepare him,
And, like Masons, our work we'll pursue.
Then who, &c.

Success to all accepted Masons,
There's none can their honor pull down;
For e'er since the glorious creation
These great men are held in renown.
When Adam was King of all nations,
He formed a plan with all speed;

And ſoon made a fit habitation,
For him and his companion Eve.
Then who, &c,

There's ſome fooliſh people reject us,
For which they are highly to blame,
They cannot ſhew any objection,
Or reaſon for doing the ſame.
The art's a divine inſpiration,
As all honeſt men will declare,
So here's to all true hearted brothers,
That live within compaſs and ſquare.
Then who, &c.

Like an arch well cemented together,
Thus firmly united we ſtand,
And juſtly ſupport one another;
With plumb line and level in hand.
'Till the world is conſumed by fire,
And judgement is paſs'd on us all;
They ne'er ſhall come into our ſecret,
Or we from Free Maſonry fall.
Then, &c.

SONG XXVI.

A MASON's daughter faire and young,
The pride of all the village throng,
Thus to her lover ſaid;
Tho' Damon I your flame approve,
Your actions praiſe your perſon love,
Yet ſtill I'll live a maid.

None ſhall untie my virgin zone,
But one to whom the ſecret's known,
Of famm'd Free Maſonry;
In which the great and good combine,
To raiſe with generous deſign,
Man to falicity.

The Lodge excludes the fop and fool;
The plodding knave and party tool,

That liberty would ſell ;
The noble, faithful and the brave,
No golden charms can e'er deceive,
In ſlavery to dwell.

This ſaid, he bow'd and went away,
Apply'd, was made without delay,
Return'd to her again :
The fair one granted his requeſt ;
Connubial joys their days have bleſt,
And may they e'er remain.
To Maſons and to Maſon's bairns,
And women with both wit and charms,
That love to lie in Maſons' arms.

SONG XXVII.

HERE's a health to each one,
From the king on the throne
To him that is meaneſt of ſtation,
If he can contend
To have lawfully gain'd
The name of an accepted maſon.

The glory of kings
Are poor empty things,
Though empires they have in poſſeſſion,
If void of the fame
Of that noble name
Of a free and an accepted maſon.

It is ancienter far
Than other arts are.
Surpaſſing all other profeſſion :
There's none can pretend
To diſcover a friend
Like a free and an accepted maſon.

The world is amaz'd,
Their wonder is rais'd,
To ſee ſuch concurring relation
Among us, they cry,

The devil is nigh
When one is accepted a mason.

But let them say on,
To us 'tis well known
What's true or false in the relation;
Let's drink his health round
That is secret and sound,
And a faithful and accepted mason.

SONG XXVIII.

WHOEVER wants wisdom must with some delight
Read, ponder and pore noon, morning and night;
Must turn over volumes of monstrous size,
Enlighten his mind, though he puts out his eyes.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

If a general would know how to muster his men,
By thousands, by hundreds, by fifties by ten,
Or level his siege on high castle or town,
He must borrow his precepts from men of renown.
Derry down, &c.

Would a wry-fac'd physician or lawyer excel,
In harranguing a court or the sick making well
He first must read Galen or Littleton through,
E'er he gets his credentials or business to do.
Derry down, &c.

But these are all follies, free masons can prove
In the lodge they find knowledge, fair virtue and love;
Without deaf'ning their ears, without blinding their eyes,
They find the compendious way to be wise.
Derry down, &c.

SONG XXIX.

WHEN orient *Wisdom* beam'd serene,
And pillard *Srength* arose—
When *Beauty* ting'd the glowing scene,
And Faith her mansion chose—
Exulting bands the Fabric view'd;
Mysterious powers ador'd;
And high the Tripple Union stood,
That gave the *Mystic Word.*

Pale Envy wither'd at the sight,
And frowning o'er the pile,
Call'd Murder up from the realms of night,
To blast the glorious toil.
With ruffian outrage join'd in woe,
They form the leagues abhorr'd;
And wounded Science felt the blow,
That crush'd the *Mystic Word.*

Concealment, from sequester'd cove,
On sable pinions flew:
And o'er the sacriligious grave,
Her veil impervious threw.
Th' associate band in solemn state,
The awful loss deplord'd;
And wisdom mourn'd the ruthless fate,
That whelm'd the *Mystic Word.*

At length, thro' Time's expanded sphere,
Fair Science speeds her way;
And warm'd by Truth's refulgence clear,
Reflects the kindred ray—
A second Fabrick's towering height,
Proclaims the Sign restor'd;
From whose foundation—brought to light,
Is drawn the *Mystic Word.*

To depths obscure, the favor'd Trine,
A dreary course engage—
Till thro' the Arch, the ray divine,
Illumes the sacred page!

From the wide wonders of this blaze,
Our ancient Sign's reſtor'd;
The Royal Arch alone diſplays,
The long loſt *Myſtic Word.*

SONG XXX.

JUST ſtraight from his home
See yon candidate come.
Prepar'd for the time and occaſion:
Of all that can harm
We will him diſarm,
That he no way may hurt a Free-maſon.

His eyes cannot ſearch
Out the way of his march,
Nor yet where his ſteps he muſt place on:
When him we receive,
He cannot perceive
How he came to be made a Free-maſon.

Then he'll danger defy,
And on heaven rely
For ſtrength to ſupport the occaſion;
With the bleſſing of pray'r
He baniſhes fear,
And undaunted is made a Free-maſon.

When he makes his demand,
By the maſter's command,
To know if he's fit for the ſtation,
Around he is brought,
E'er he get what he ſought
From a free an accepted Maſon.

When girded with care,
By the help of the ſquare,
The emblem of truth and of reaſon,
In form he is plac'd,
While to him are rehears'd
The myſteries of a Free-maſon.

Then full in his ſight
Doth ſhine the grand light,
To illumine the works which we trace on;
And now, as his due,
He's cloth'd in full view
With the badge of an accepted Maſon.

Now hark! we enlarge
On the duties and charge,
Where his conduct and walk he muſt place on;
Then a bumper we'll fill,
And ſhow our good will
To a free and an accepted maſon.

SONG XXXI.

To the Ladies

ON you who Maſonry deſpiſe,
This council I beſtow;
Don't ridicule, if you are wiſe,
A ſecret you don't know:
Yourſelves you banter, but not it;
You ſhew your ſpleen, but not your wit.
With a fa, la, &c.

Inſpiring virtues by our rules,
And in ourſelves ſecure:
We have compaſſion for thoſe fools
Who think our acts impure:
We know from ignorance proceeds
Such mean opinions of our deeds.
With a fa, la, &c.

If union and ſincerity
Have a pretence to pleaſe,
We brothers of Free-maſonry
Lay juſtly claim to theſe;
To ſtate diſputes we ne'er give birth,
Our motto friendſhip is and mirth,
With a fa, la, &c,

Some of our rules I will impart,
But must conceal the rest;
They're safely lodg'd in masons' hearts,
Within each honest breast:
We love our country and our laws;
We toast the ladies plead their cause.
With a fa, la, &c.

SONG XXXII.

THUS happily met, united and free,
A foretaste of heaven we prove;
Then join heart and hand, and firmly agree
To cultivate brotherly love.

With corn, wine, and oil, our table replete,
The altar of friendship divine;
Each virtue and grace the circle complete
With aid of the musical nine.

Thus blest, and thus blessing, employment supreme!
May masonry daily increase,
Its grand scheme of morals our fav'rite theme,
The source of contentment and peace.

END OF THE SONGS.

COLLECTION

OF THE

MOST CELEBRATED

COTILLIONS

AND

COUNTRY DANCES.

COTILLIONS.

LE PANTALOON.

ALL round, 1st and 2d couples (opposite) right and left quite round, turn your partners quite round, then balance all four in the middle, chasse 4, back again, take your partner with both hands go round to the opposite couple, the opposite couples do the same, so every one come to their former places, then all 8 chasse, back again, every gentleman balance with his partner, and turn her quite round.—Third and fourth couples do the same figures.

THE COQUETTE

All round. first couple set to the left couple, then the other couples, chasse all 4, back again, face to the last couple, and right and left quite round, face to your partner, chasse only five steps, back again, turn your partner to her former place: The second couple to the left perform the same figures, and so the third and fourth couples.

THE CONVENTION.

[*May be danced with the tune of York Fulfiliers.*]

All round, firſt and oppoſite couples, balance in the middle, ſet, and turn contrary partners, and retreat to your places, the other two couples do the ſame, chaſſe all eight and turn the lady to your right quite round, chaſſe back to your places and turn the lady to your left, then form two lines long ways four each ſide balance, croſs hands four, each corners, balance again, and croſs hands back, and come to you former places.

GERMAN SPA.

All round, the two oppoſite couples take your partner's hands, and change places; chaſſe 4 only five ſteps, ſo back again, balance in the middle, ſet, half croſs hands that you may be in your places, the ſame couple turn contrary partners oppoſite, then turn your own with your right hand half way, balance with your partner, ſet, half right and left with the oppoſite couples, which brings you to your former places;—the other two couples do the ſame.

MISS CHANDLER'S COTILLION.

All round, right and left all eight half round until you meet your partners, then allemand with your partners until to to your former places, chaſſe all eight, turn the lady to your right quite round, chaſſe back again and turn the lady to your left, then balance with your partner and turn her quite round.

COUTRY DANCES.

LA BELLE CATHARINE.

BALANCE four, then half right and left—the ſame back again, lead down the middle, up again, and caſt off one couple, then ſix hands round, back again.

THE NEW POMP ROOM.

Caſt off two couples, up again, four hands half round at the top, back again, lead down the middle, up again and caſt off one couple, right and left at top.

GRIFFITH'S FANCY.

The firſt gentleman croſs between the ſecond and third ladies, his partner do the ſame between the ſecond and third gentlemen, balance ſix, and ſet, then turn your partner half way, four hands croſs half round at bottom back again, right and left at top.

CONSTANCY.

Croſs hands half round at top, back again, lead down the middle, up again and caſt off one couple, balance ſix, ſet and turn your partner quite round, right and left at top.

LADY BUCKLEY'S WHIM.

Caſt off two couples, up again, lead down

the middle, up again, the gentleman ſtands between the top couple, and his partner between the third couple, balance all ſix in the middle and turn your partner, right and left at top.

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

Four hands acroſs half round at top, back again, lead down the middle and turn your partner, half way: then up again, and caſt off one couple, the firſt gentleman ſtand between the ſecond and third ladies, ſo his partner between the ſecond and third gentlemen, balance all ſix, then all half way round, firſt couple ſtand ſtill, when the ſecond and third couples balance in the middle and half right and left, ſo every one come to their former places.

THE IMPERIAL.

Balance three couples, change places, back again, lead down the middle, up again, and caſt off one couple, right and left at top.

THE FEDERALIST.

Down outſide, up again, lead down the middle, up and caſt off chaſſe acroſs with the third couple, right and left with the ſecond.

THE WAY TO GET MARRIED.

The firſt lady balance to third gentleman, and turn the ſecond—the gentleman perform the ſame; lead down the middle, up—caſt off, right and left.

THE IRISH WEDDING.

The firſt couple breza around the ſecond couple, then round the third couple, change below the third and caſt up one couple, change ſides, right and left.

RICKETTS' RIDE.

The firſt couple down out ſide, lead up the middle and caſt off one couple; the ſecond couple perform the ſame; lead down the middle, up again, caſt off, right and left.

THE MISER.

Firſt and ſecond couple chaſſe acroſs back again, down outſide and croſs below the third couple aad caſt up one couple: balance, give your partner your right hand and change ſo as to ſtand between the ſecond couple, and your partner between the third couple balance, and give right hands round to your places.

PRINCE'S FAVORITE

Six balance, change ſides balance, and back again: lead down the middle, up, caſt off, chaſſe acroſs in the centre with the third couple, back again, down outſide, up again, right and left at top.

DE LA BISTILLE.

Down outſide, up again, croſs over one couple, ſix balance half round ſecond and third couple half right and left, then the firſt and ſecond quite right and left.

AMELIA'S BIRTHRIGHT.

Four hands half round, back, lead down the middle, up, caſt off, ſix half round, back, right and left.

CAPT. BRINTNAL'S FAVORITE.

Down outſide, up, chaſſe acroſs with ſecond couple, back, lead down the middle, up, caſt off right and left.

HOLLOW DRUM.

Firſt lady balance to ſecond gentleman, then firſt gentleman to ſecond lady, four half round, back, lead down the middle, up, caſt off, right and left.

CITY OF PARIS.

Firſt gentleman turns ſecond lady quite round, firſt lady do the ſame with ſecond gentleman, change ſides with partner, back, lead down the middle, up, caſt off, right and left.

SPIRIT OF FRANCE.

Firſt lady turns the ſecond gentleman quite round, the firſt gentleman do the ſame with ſecond lady, four half round, back again, lead down the middle, up, caſt off, right and left.

MARSHEONIS.

Firſt and ſecond couple balance, half round, balance and back, lead down the middle, up, caſt off, right and left.

CONTENTS,

	Page.
AWAKE my muſe with ſprightlieſt lay	8
A woman is like to but ſtay	16
A man he is like to but ſtay	17
Awake from deluſion ye ſons of the brave	20
A Flaxen-headed cow boy, as ſimple as may be	29
Ah! Delia, ſee the fatal hour farewell my ſoul's delight	30
At the cloſe of the day when the Hamlet is ſtill	38
Any one who reads the ſcripture	44
As Cupid in the garden ſtrayed	50
A roſe tree in full bearing	52
As I was a walking to take the freſh air	68
A beautious ſterling lafſe I ſaw	75
A tailor I once was as blith as e'er need be	82
Adieu ye groves adieu ye plains	95
As Colonet with Phebe ſat	98
Attention pray give while of hobbies I ſing	103
A Plague of thoſe muſty old rubbers	129
At the ſource of Potomac Columbia wept	130
Anacreon they ſay was a jolly old blade	138
As down in Cupids garden	154
As through the green meadows one morning I paſs'd	164
A term full as long as the ſiege of old Troy	166
Adieu a heart fond warm adieu	176
Aſſiſt my muſe thy influence bring	194
A maſons daughter fair and young	196

B

Bright Phœbus has mounted the chariot of day 6
Baniſh ſorrow grief and folly 33
Both ſexes give ear to my fancy 43
Brave boys have you heard of the news 137
Bold Jack the ſailor, here I come 162
Bacchus open all thy treaſure 178

C

Come all Grenadiers let us join hand in hand 14
Ceaſe rude Boreas, bluſt'ring railor 31
Come all ye pretty maidens ſome older ſome younger 41
Ceaſe a while ye winds to blow 58
Contented all day could I ſet by your ſide 93
Come each jovial fellow who loves to be mellow 101
Cheer up your hearts young men let nothing fright you 152
Come let us prepare 178
Come ye maſons hither bring 183

D

Dear Kathleen you no doubt 22
Diſtreſs me with thoſe tears no more 24
Dear Nancy I've ſail'd the world all round 108
Dear Tom this brown jug which foams with wild ale 133
Dear brothers of fraternal mind 174

E

E'er God the univerſe began 181

F

Faint and wearily the way-worn traveller 12
From the ſoil our fathers dearly bought 13
Fair liberty whom heaven gave 18
Friendſhip to every willing mind 40
Freſh and ſtrong the breeze is blowing 67
Fair Hebe I left with a cautious deſign 89
From the eaſt breaks the morn 91
Fidelity once had a fancy to rove 184

G

Good morning my friends, and what is the news 10
Guardian angels now protect me 96
Give me wine, rosy wine, that for to despair 107

H

Hark, hark from the woodlands the loud swelling horn 19
How bright are the joys of the table 21
How happy the woman, whose charms 25
Here's a health to all good lasses 45
How stands the glass around 53
Here a shire hulk lies poor Tom Bowlin 66
How sweet is the woodland with fleet hound and horn 67
Hail America hail unrival'd in fame 99
How blest is a bachelors life 118
How happy is the man 119
How brim full of nothing's the life of a beau 134
How pleasant a sailors life passes 161
Heres to the maiden of bashful fifteen 163
How happy's a mason whose bosom still flows 175
Here social love serenely smiles 177
Hail masonry divine 193
Here's a health to each one 197

I

I Delias beauty would disclose 24
In storms when clouds obscure the sky 39
In a mouldering cave when the wretched retreat 57
I dreamt I saw a piteous sight 78
I sigh and lament me in vain 79
I that once was a ploughman a sailor am now 80
I have seen the smiling of fortune beguiling 89
I'll tell you of a soldier who lately came from war 138
I am a brisk young lively lass 148
I sailed from the downs in the Nancy 159

In hiſtory were told how the lodges of old 179

I

John Bull for paſtime took a prance 192
Juſt ſtrait from his home 200

K

King Solomon that wiſe projector 195

L

Lord what care I for mam or dad 26
Let poets their miſtreſs's praiſes rehearſe 63
Let drunkards boaſt the power of wine 191
Let maſons fame reſound 189

M

My mother ſays I'm now ſixteen 28
Macherami my charming fair 73
Monchere Amia let not deſpair ibid
Make room, O ye kingdoms in hiſtory renown'd 83
My eyes may ſpeak pleaſure, tongues flow without meaſure 94
My temples with cluſters of grapes I'll entwine ibid
Muſic how powerful is thy charm 102

N

No more my ſongs ſhall be ye ſwains 58
Now we are freed from College rules 74
Not the fictions of Greece, nor the dreams of old Rome 169

O

Oh! think on my fate once I freedom enjoyed 7
On the green ſedgy banks of the ſweet winding tay 14
On every hid in every grove 44
Oh nightingale bleſt poet of the grove 46
Oh fortune how ſtrangely thy gifts are awarded 48
On richmond hill there liv'd a laſs 61
O the moments were ſad when my love and I parted 64

Of damask cheeks and snowy necks 80
On the lone banks where Lubin died 108
Of Bray the Vicar long I've been 109
On you who masonry despise 201

P

Pain'd with his slighted Jamies love 69
Push about the boul boys 127

S

Shepherds I have lost my love 15
Simplicity ! thou favorite child 23
Sir Solomon Simons, when he did wed 26
Says Plato why should man be vain 51
Saw you my hero George 66
Some women take delight in dress 71
Songs to shepherds in rustical roundelays, 120
Say, say lovely lass, have you formd any notion 122
Spanking Jack was so comely so pleasant, so jolly 135

T

There are grinders enough, Sir, of every degree 9
The rose had been wash'd, just wash'd in a shower 19
The wealthy fool with gold in store 24
Tho' prudence may press me 25
The lark was up the morn was gay 35
The glad'ning sun returns from rest 45
The spring time returns and clothes the green plains 46
The dawn of hope my soul revives 47
The bright God of day drew westward away 51
There was once it was said, when is out of my head 54
The bright rosy morning 63
The sweet briergrows in the merry green-wood 65
Trust not man for he'll deceive you 70
Trust not woman, she'll beguile you ibid
Twas on the morn of sweet May day 77

Tis we ventrous die hard when we quit the ſhore 85
Tho oft we meet ſevere diſtreſs 88
The hills were green, the fields were gay 90
Twas down by the green banks of Hudſons north ſtream 91
Twas poſt noer dian half paſt four 104
Tho' Bacchus may boaſt of his care killing bowl, 105
To Anacreon in heaven where he ſat in full glee 111
This world is a ſtage 114
Twas in the flowery month of May 117
Twas at the break of day we ſpy'd 125
There liv'd as fame reports in days of yore 140
The women all tell me I'm falſe to my laſs 149
The ſun ſetts at night and the ſtars ſhun the day 156
To eaſe his heart and own his flame 168
Thus happily met united and free 202

U

Up Anchors clear decks boys, and each to his ſtation 5
Unite, unite, your voices raiſe 192

W

While Zephyrs fan the verdant grove 59
When bidden to the wake or fair 61
When Delia on the plain appears 76
When the hollow Drum has beat to bed 84
Why ſhould our joys transform to pain 87
Why tarries my love, or where does he rove 97
Were I to chooſe the greateſt bliſs 113
When gentle peace, and pleaſing ſmiles 123
When fortune doth frown 124
When Werter fair Charlotte beheld 126
Welcome, Welcome, Brother debtor 127
When France with huge pride, croſs the atlantic did ſtride 133
When beating rains and pinching winds 139

What sadness reigns over these plains 146
When last honest Jack, of whose fate I now sing 163
When I was a chit just got into my teens 167
When my divine Althea s charms 170
What joys does the craft on each Mason bestow 172
We have no idle prating 182
When the sun from the east first salutes mortal eyes 185
When quite a young spark 186
When a lodge of free masons are clothed in their aprons 190
When masonry expiring lay, by knaves and fools rejected 187
Whoever wants wisdom must with some delight 198
When orient wisdom beam'd serene 199

Y

Ye sons of Mars attend come join the festive throng 62
Ye virgins attend 72
Ye fair possest of every charm 86
You say Sir once a wit allow'd 113
Ye sons of Columbia who despots disdain 147
You ask why I thus droop my head 148
Ye sons of fair science in patient to learn 171

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